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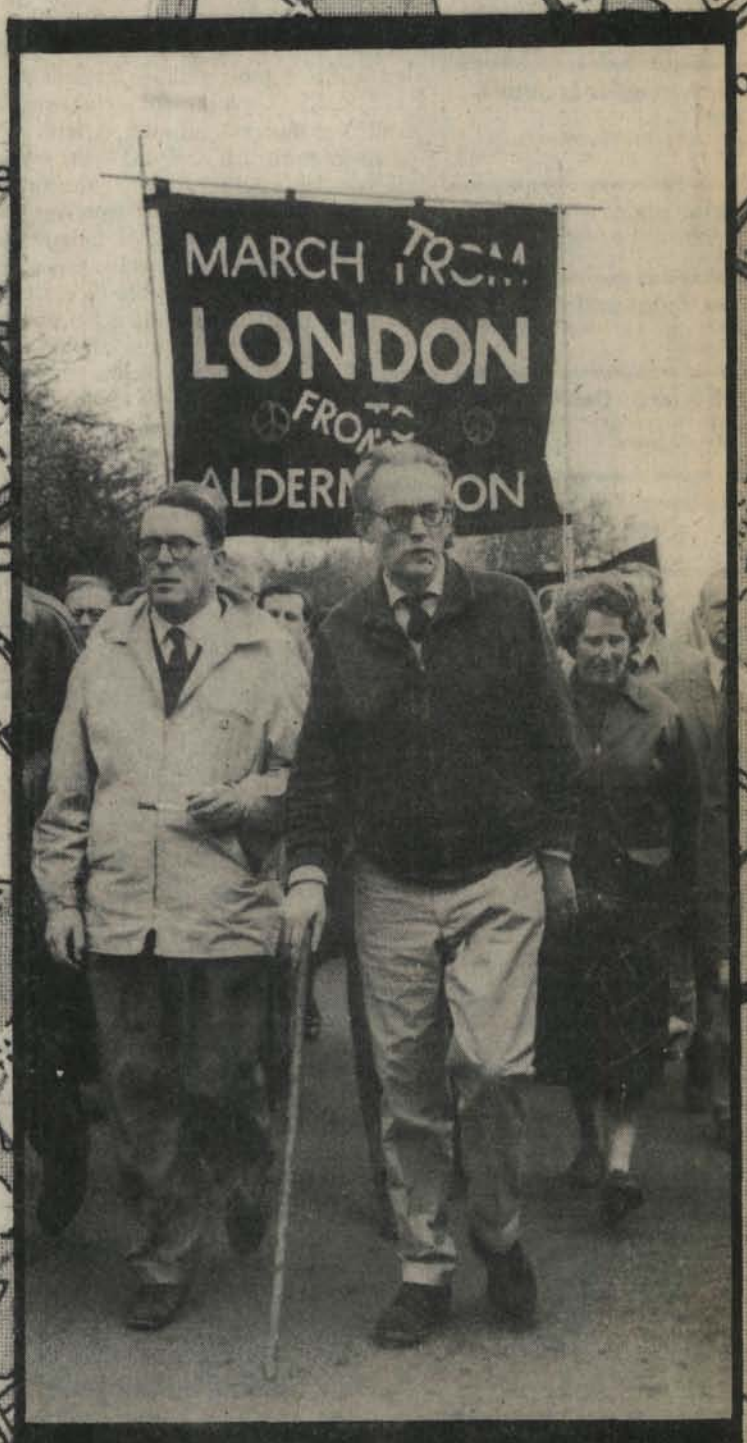
BRITAIN'S NEW BOMB FACTORY



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Mrs Thatcher now faces reality

'WINTERS OF discontent' became part of political lore a while back. This week Mrs Thatcher has been forced to weigh up the consequences for herself and for the country of a summer of discontent. Far from the rail strike crumbling within a day or so before a smack of firm government (as she must fondly have been imagining in the middle of the week), as we go to press it looks certain that, next week, what the NUR did not achieve, ASLEF will.

But, for all the prominence that the railway crisis is inevitably getting, it is not the key battle so far as the Government is concerned. If there is still a prolonged dispute, it will cause lasting damage to British Rail and to the railway system. It may be a lethal blow to the drivers' union, ASLEF, which is anyway teetering on the brink of ceasing to be a viable independent union. ASLEF has not got the resources to finance any significant industrial action. Its entrenched opposition to flexible rostering is based on its institutional fear that the job loss implied would indeed push its membership below the threshold of viability. And a renewed dispute next week would certainly do serious damage to the British economy and to the country as a whole. But it would not do political damage to Mrs Thatcher.

For industrial action on the railways now so far as the trade union movement overall is concerned is the wrong fight at the wrong time. The NUR executive last week undermined the industrial counter-attack on Thatcher policies by getting out into a position where it did not have the support of its members; and from which it was forced to retreat. ASLEF's action now has all the qualities of a desperate (or heroic) last stand. But no-one can suppose that ASLEF is in a condition to inflict damage on the Government. The public, particularly those who live in or travel to work to London, will again be spectacularly inconvenienced. But there is no reason to suppose that will cause Mrs Thatcher to alter the terms of the Order of the Day she has promulgated to those in charge of operations on the railway front. Mr David Howell is required in this railway crisis to play the parallel role filled by Mr Nott in the Falklands crisis – that of the not entirely convincing messenger boy whose alloted task is to communicate the message that there will be no negotiations before unconditional surrender has been achieved.

The railway confrontation is just a symptom of the crisis that is facing Mrs Thatcher's politics; and not the crisis itself. The plain fact is that the Falklands' aftermath has now come to dominate the Prime Minister's approach to every problem. She now has total faith in her own judgement and a belief that all problems can be bull-dozed aside by her personal act of will. In war such an obsessive view of events may have its place. In normal political circumstances, it is an extremely dangerous basis on which to approach intractable long-term problems.

EVERYONE INVOLVED in the slowly developing crisis on the railways has noted how the government's attitude has changed in these last weeks.

Its original position was that the British Rail board should take as robust a line on the issue of no further concessions without productivity as it could; but that it should stop short of taking action that would result in a total national rail shut down. Quite suddenly, the line of instruction from No. 10 changed. The Rail Board was not to show the slightest flexibility; or at least if it did it would be in the most serious trouble with its political masters.

The probability is that the government, after a longer or a shorter dispute, will get away with this tactic. This will only serve to strengthen Mrs Thatcher's view that she has found the answer to all her political problems. In the case of the Health Service dispute she will find that she is wrong.

It is a far more deep-seated dispute and one which poses a much more direct challenge to the entire domestic strategy that she is trying to pursue in the period up to the next General Election. In this case the union leaderships, far from following a more radical line than their memberships wish, are in danger of finding that their rank-and-file is in a mood for a prolonged fight against a public sector pay policy, which it thinks both arbitrary and inequitable. What is more, there is still (and will continue to be) substantial public sympathy for a great deal of what the health service workers are claiming.

At other levels, too, Mrs Thatcher in her post-Falklands euphoria is demonstrating a quite remarkable degree of insensitivity to the positions and views of those with whom she is in disagreement. It is almost as if she feels herself suffused with powers that make it unnecessary for her to have any regard for the conventional processes and compromises of politics – international as well as domestic.

Mrs Thatcher's political future is her own concern. This way of conducting politics, however, is damaging and dangerous to more important institutions and processes. She took a great and dangerous gamble with the Falklands – against all the advice of those who were in a position to calculate the odds against the venture succeeding. At one level she got away with it. But her responsible advisers, even over the Falklands, are still deeply angry at the risks inherent in her policy and at the consequential damage to long-term British interests in Europe, Latin America, the United Nations and elsewhere. If she cannot be made to re-enter the atmosphere of normal politics from the weightless orbit in which she has been voyaging for weeks, she will not remain Prime Minister for long. □

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Mary Holland on how independents kept Haughey in office

Fianna Fail scrambles home again

STUDENTS of Proportional Representation would be advised in the days ahead to keep an eye on the conduct of the Irish Dail, where the balance of power is held by half a dozen independent deputies.

Last week Irish premier Charles Haughey got the first part of his government's budget through the Dail on the casting vote of the Chair. This is the same budget, with some minor modifications, which brought down Garret Fitzgerald's Coalition Government in January and caused a general election.

To keep his minority government going this long Mr Haughey has had to depend on the shifting support of the independents. Two of these have so far proved crucial to the success of the Finance Bill. One is Neil Blaney, the tough Republican from Donegal, an ex-cabinet colleague of Mr Haughey's who left Fianna Fail because he considered the Party to be too soft on the North. The other is Tony Gregory, a 32-year-old 'community' politician who made political history this year when he wrung a £90 million programme of improvements to Dublin's decaying inner city area from Mr Haughey as the price of his support. Not surprisingly, Mr Gregory is said to want the present government to survive until this programme is implemented.

The traditional alternative to Fianna Fail in government is a Coalition of Fine Gael and

Haughey: one vote is enough

Labour. The former, under Garret Fitzgerald's leadership, is in good shape and raring to go, but the Labour Party is a disaster area. It is losing support steadily to the more radical Worker's Party (political offspring of the Official IRA), particularly among the young. The Worker's Party, with three deputies in the present Dail, has been able to make an impact disproportionate to its size and could reasonably hope to benefit from this in an election.

The lesson of the independent deputies has not been lost on aspiring politicians up and down the country. It is they, particularly those who have been prepared to negotiate with Mr Haughey, who have been able to win substantial material benefits for their constituencies and thus enhance their prospects of re-election. So if Mr Haughey's government does fall, the result is likely to be even greater instability, at a time when Irish politics can least afford it. □

Rick Rogers on lead pollution

Clearing the air

THE ROYAL COMMISSION on Environmental Pollution is planning a 'whitewash' report on lead pollution later this year, according to the Campaign for Leadfree Air (CLEAR). Commission members have decided not to investigate the health hazards from lead but will look only at the technical and economic implications of eliminating lead from petrol.

The Commission argues that the 1980 Lawther Report on lead and health has already covered the ground. But CLEAR's director, Des Wilson, says: 'The Lawther Report has now been so discredited that there is a desperate need for a reappraisal of the key issues.' CLEAR meets the Commission this Friday to present its evidence for urgent action to deal with lead pollution and to persuade it to alter the scope of the report. The campaign fears the Commission is approaching the lead issue on terms set by the oil and motor industries. And Wilson warns that the Commission is being used 'as a way whereby Ministers can postpone or avoid acting on a public concern'.

Transport Minister Lynda Chalker has already indicated that if the proposed reduction in the level of lead in petrol from 0.40/l to 0.15g/l by the end of 1985 was inadequate, the government would favour the use of car exhaust filters to try to reduce lead pollution further rather than to ban lead completely. Filters have yet to be proved efficient lead eliminators.

Fresh evidence of the dangers of leaded petrol has come from Ireland. An unpublished survey by Trinity College, Dublin, found that inner-city schoolchildren aged from 3 to 8, had blood lead levels more than double that of rural children, The traffic density on roads next to the inner-city schools ranged from 1,100 to over 3,000 vehicles an hour. In the rural areas, traffic density ranged from around 50 an hour at Roundwood to under five an hour at Moneystown. But even in the rural area, Roundwood children 'had significantly higher mean blood lead values' than Moneystown children.

The Dublin scientists conclude that 'heavy traffic density is a serious hazard to children in terms of their blood lead concentration'.

Two major teaching unions in Britain – the NUT and the National Association of Headteachers – have just adopted a policy supporting the elimination of lead from petrol. Over 60 local councils have also backed a leadfree policy – and the number is likely to exceed 100 within a few weeks.

Last week an Institution of Environmental Health Officers conference called for a national lead screening programme for pregnant women and pre-school children. □

Jane Houlton on Saturday opening

Barclays steamroller through

BARCLAYS BANK'S decision to open on Saturday mornings from August is a slap in the face for its major staff union, the Banking, Insurance and Finance Union (BIFU). The union agreed at its conference in April this year to consider Saturday opening, but only where arrangements were negotiated for new technology. Barclays announced its decision without warning or consultation. It is now inviting volunteers from its permanent staff to work four hours on Saturday for between £24 and £40 depending on grade – less than a pro rata overtime rate.

BIFU, despite its support in principle for Saturday opening, is opposing Barclays' move. The union's conference passed a motion in April, seeking a package deal when accepting new technology, which included among other conditions a 4-day 28-hour working week, 6-day opening and 15 per cent increases in shift payments. BIFU argues that improved productivity from the use of microelectronics should be used to shorten working hours for staff and improve service to customers – not simply swell bank profits.

The introduction of new technology is already cutting out jobs in the banking industry. Midland Bank will soon announce 2,000 redundancies from its HQ staff of 7,000. Barclays is to phase out the jobs of a number of its cheque library staff. Overall employment in banking declined by 6,000 last year.

So far the secretive 'Big Four' clearing banks have refused even to negotiate on new technology. Said Terry Molloy, Assistant Secretary of BIFU: 'Whenever we ask to negotiate on the staffing implications of new technology, all we get is a form of whitewash; they say nothing in a lot of words'. The only successes for BIFU have been a consultative agreement with Trustee Savings Bank, which outlaws compulsory redundancies; and a negotiated agreement about to be signed with the Co-op Bank. □

Susan Greenberg previews the Brussels Convention

Means to an END

REPRESENTATIVES of the new European peace movement will be meeting this weekend in Brussels, for the European Nuclear Disarmament Convention. It will be one of the first tests of the cohesiveness of the strategy of those who supported the April 1980 Appeal from E.P. Thompson, Mary Kaldor, Dan Smith, Ken Coates, and others calling for a nuclear-free Europe, a co-ordinated all-European movement, and a fight against the control of both superpower blocs.

The basic question which will run through the conference is – how will the goal of a nuclear-free Europe be achieved? Each country and political tendency has its own priorities and analysis, typified by the debate scheduled during the convention between Tony Benn, Rudolf Bahro from West Germany, Bologna's Communist Mayor Zangheri, and a Spanish activist.

END's organisational role has yet to be worked out. In a pre-convention discussion paper, Mary Kaldor wrote that END should establish itself as a grass-roots movement, but should make the convention an opportunity for a 'march through the institutions', to promote its ideas to a wider audience. But this perspective met intense opposition from Bahro, who has argued that the peace movement should be completely autonomous from all political parties and institutions, including his particular bugbear, the Communist Party. Bahro would like a 'political declaration' to come out of the convention as a symbol of greater unity, a step opposed by those who feel END cannot and should never become a 'unified' organisation.

Another debate will revolve around the political vision of END. Simple opposition and fear of nuclear weapons is, as one END committee member put it, a 'turn off' – and that's why the issue was neglected for so many years after CND's heyday in the '60s: 'Our movement is not about fear of nuclear weapons, but about a re-engagement in the political process.' But by posing the question of freedom from the superpowers, it also raises the question of a positive alternative, a whole new political economy for both East and West Europe. Within the Left there is a basic difference in analysis between those like Fred Halliday who argue that the USSR is, despite its faults, a help to world socialism, and those like E.P. Thompson who find it more of a hindrance. □

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BRITISH RAIL

Trains take the strain

PATRICK WINTOUR and MICK HAMER report on the lack of cohesion within the rail unions

DAZED COMMUTERS at the end of this week will be crawling from an NUR frying pan into an ASLEF fire. The Government and BR strategy has been to isolate the drivers' union, ASLEF, as far as possible from the NUR.

A prolonged strike by 18,000 members of the NUR would have taken the heat off ASLEF but the decision of the NUR conference to collapse their strike left ASLEF exposed again. Next week's all-out strike will be an altogether greater test than their seventeen one-day strikes in the Spring. Many ASLEF members lost up to £400 in wages then and are still in debt. This time the strike is total and ASLEF can again afford no strike pay at all.

ASLEF's case has also been weakened. In the Spring the issue was complicated by whether the BR Board had the right to withhold an extra three per cent wage increase – part of the 1981 pay deal – until ASLEF had conceded flexibility on rosters. The TUC insisted that pay and productivity had been separate in the 1981 deal and therefore defended ASLEF. The issue now is simply whether ASLEF should have promised to abandon the fixed 8-hour day in favour of 7 to 9 hour rosters.

Moreover, since the Spring strikes Lord McCarthy has adjudicated that ASLEF should accept flexible rosters as part of the introduction of the 39-hour week, subject to guarantees. In May, ASLEF argued that these guarantees – on the length and unpredictability of rosters, unsocial hours, the right to swap shifts and 'travel to work' times – would make the whole exercise unworkable. The union sees the board's proposal as the thin end of a wedge. It is armed with a minute from central management telling local management 'not at first to exploit fully the savings from changed rosters.' A fortnight ago, the board compromised by offering to try in one area ASLEF's proposals for implementing the shorter week at minimum cost alongside the Board's original proposals in another area. ASLEF did not budge.

The one-day strikes cost £100 million in lost revenue to BR. The board calculated new rosters would make savings of only £12 million over five years. Yet since May 1980 17,000 jobs on the railways have gone, saving the Board £70 million. But the Board desperately needs investment next year and is being driven by a government that will not provide investment funds until the unions have been faced down.

The week has left the NUR measurably weaker. When its Executive called a strike over the 3 per cent pay offer (which was tied to productivity improvements) many members rebelled. The last full NUR strike was in 1926, and most NUR members have never been on strike. A flood of telegrams poured into the ghastly Holiday Inn in Plymouth, asking delegates to call off the strike.

The conference which suspended the strike is a tame affair. The 77 delegates each represent three or four branches. In many districts the branches arrange a rota for attending the conference. Thus 41 were elected as delegates unopposed. Almost half are branch officials. Many are over 50 and have never attended a conference before. They have great local experience, but tend to defer to the leadership on national issues. Few activists attend the conference.

By contrast, the Executive is full-time and operates in a hot-house atmosphere in London. Each member is elected for three years, with a third of the Executive standing down each year. The recent political shift to the Left on the Executive was helped by changes in the system of Executive elections agreed in 1978, which removed the NUR's 'rotten boroughs'. The new system brought younger activists onto the Executive.

Tension between the Executive and the General Secretary Sid Weighell is increased by Weighell's authoritarian manner. Over the last two years the Executive has felt increasingly frustrated by Weighell's refusal to put papers to them in good time, by his attacks on ASLEF and by his indiscriminate fire on the Labour Left.

The Executive has been criticised for the timing of its strike call. Last week, four right-wingers on the Executive unsuccessfully moved that the strike be postponed until the conference had begun. Executive members, on the other hand calculated that calling a strike on the eve of conference would force the conference to close ranks behind them on the basis that once the strike was under way it would be suicidal to call it off.

IT DID NOT work out like that. The NUR has a long tradition of backing down over strike action. Once the strike was called little was done to convince the membership of its purpose. As one left-wing delegate for St Pancras, Tony Donaghy, complained: 'The official leadership has travelled the breadth of the country to win the guards over to flexible rosters. Little comparable has been done for the strike.'

Weighell clearly did not want the strike and worked backstage to ensure that conference voted to stop it and to refer the dispute to the McCarthy tribunal. The motion that suspended the strike was drafted by the platform. Weighell genuinely believes the union can win its case at arbitration. He often cites a deal he signed with British Rail at Watford in November 1980, called the 'Balance sheet of change'. Under that agreement the union agreed to synchronise its productivity concessions with BR's action on modernisation and investment. Weighell's view is that the union has delivered.

David Fowler

Weighell puts his faith in arbitration

Over 17,000 jobs have gone in the last two years. He claims that the NUR has also delivered on the six specific productivity items agreed at ACAS as part of the 1981 pay deal. Flexible rosters for guards have been pushed through, despite opposition from the guards' conference; open station experiments are under way; freight trains are being run without guards in Port Talbot as an experiment. Two of the remaining three items – single drivers for engines and the development of a new promotion system – are matters for ASLEF, not the NUR. The last item – the running of new electric suburban trains without guards – has been stalled. But the ACAS understanding of August 1981 did not commit the NUR to abandoning guards on the Bedford-St Pancras electric service. It read: 'without any preconceived conditions on either side, discussions shall take place on the prototype system for the Bedford to St Pancras service.'

There are about 90 guards on this service. Most could be transferred to other guards' jobs. But if the principle of dropping guards is accepted, over 5,000 guards' jobs would go as sliding-door trains are introduced. The NUR's 12,000 guards have great influence in the union and the NUR argues that they should be given a new role as ticket inspectors on the trains: the corollary is that the jobs of existing ticket inspectors on platforms would go.

Last week the all-party House of Commons transport committee told the government that it was about time that it responded to the improvements in railway productivity that 'had been already made'. But the government has clamped down on BR's cash. Although the investment limit theoretically increased between 1978 and 1982 from £382 million to £398 million the amount of money BR has actually had for investment has dropped. Because the government has reduced BR's external financing limit – the total amount of money BR can borrow above its income – the money for investment, which reached a peak of some £309 million in 1980, will this year only be £242 million, less than half the £500 million which BR says it needs merely to maintain railway services at their present standard. □

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PETER KELLNER, Political Editor

Beware of the medicine man

AS I WISH the SDP to fail, I hope that Roy Jenkins becomes the party's leader this weekend.

Conventional wisdom holds that a Jenkins victory is necessary for the successful functioning of the Liberal/SDP Alliance between now and the next election; and that anything short of a major electoral breakthrough as part of the Alliance would wreck the SDP.

Not for the first time, conventional wisdom is wrong. The simplest contrary argument was put by one of the shrewder members of the shadow cabinet: 'I adopt the straightforward marxist view: given the choice between two bastards, root for the older one.' I doubt, however, whether that argument will totally convince my more rigorous readers. So let us diagnose the condition of the party that either Dr Owen or Mr Jenkins will lead, and see who is more likely to render it toothless in the long run.

My starting point is that the SDP is very much weaker than its members and friends seem to think. At its height of popular support last autumn, many of the people who voted SDP – according to MORI, about half of the voters who elected Shirley Williams MP for Crosby – have little idea of, or sympathy with, SDP policy even on those issues where it has made its position clear, such as British membership of the EEC.

Not surprisingly that support proved brittle. Even before the Falklands crisis its vote was declining – whether measured by opinion polls or by local by-elections. In the nationwide local elections two months ago, the SDP made little impact. More than 2,000 candidates stood, and just 87 were elected.

In contrast, the Liberals won 405 seats. This disparity cannot be explained by different *overall* levels of popularity between the Liberals and the SDP (although there are some local inner-city exceptions, where community-politics Liberals polled particularly well). In general, Liberal and SDP fortunes have risen and fallen together.

THAT, BLUNTLY, is the SDP's problem. In its early days there were some signs that the SDP was ploughing new, fertile political ground, and attracting the disaffected Labour voter. Some of its most impressive early by-election performances – at Warrington, and in a number of local council seats – took place in traditional Labour areas.

That distinctive appeal turned out to be short-lived. The Alliance with the Liberals, which worked wonders in the heady months of last autumn, has served to strangle the SDP's separate image. In allowing this to happen, the SDP has made a major mistake, which the election of Roy Jenkins as leader would compound. For the SDP, far from staking out different ground from the Liberals, is staking out (in the eyes of voters) much the same ground.

To be sure, the SDP and Liberals between them are staking out *more* electoral ground than the Liberals would probably be able to gain on their own. But, as the local elections have shown, that works more to the benefit of the Liberals than the SDP. The original SDP strategy of creating new kinds of 'winnable' seats has almost totally failed.

In the main the winnable Alliance seats are those where the Liberals are well-entrenched. If support for the SDP/Liberal Alliance is in the region of 25 per cent at the next General Election, it is by no means inconceivable that the Liberals would gain 20 new seats, and the SDP none. The SDP's presence in the House of Commons could be confined to perhaps six to ten of last year's defectors who retain their seats.

David Fowler

Roy Jenkins: age before beauty

It is probably too late to prevent a substantial imbalance among Alliance MPs in the next Parliament. Unless the Alliance gains well over 100 seats, the great majority of their MPs will be Liberals. No wonder David Steel has been putting it about that he wants Mr Jenkins to win the SDP leadership. It is the surest route to giving Mr Steel himself the leadership of Britain's political centre – not in the late 1980s, but within the next two years.

WHAT DIFFERENCE, then, could Dr Owen make? Is it not a Well-Known Fact that there's not a dime's worth of policy difference between Owen and Jenkins?

The answer is not that simple. Take, for example, the question of whether Britain should have a wealth tax. Dr Owen's last published word on the subject was contained in a chapter entitled 'Inequality' in the hardback version of his book, *Face the Future*. He argued in favour of massive tax reform, including a reduction of the tax allowances on mortgages and life insurance and pensions payments. Such a policy.

> could produce immediate extra revenue for raising child benefit in advance of the long overdue major restructuring of the tax system *and the introduction of a specific wealth tax*. Tax reform will meet massive institutional resistance; it will require a resolute Chancellor, and a readiness to act decisively . . . (emphasis added).

Compare the tone and content of that statement with Roy Jenkins's views. This is what he told Brian Walden on *Weekend World* last November:

> I have no objection in principle at all to some form of capital taxation, which is sometimes called a wealth tax. It's used in a number of countries . . . It doesn't have very dramatic effects one way or the other. What however I would need a good deal of convincing about is whether grafted onto the existing British structure of taxation – I looked at this when I was Chancellor quite a long time ago – the great deal of work of valuation which would be involved, whether the results, either in the form of money coming into the revenue or in any social impact on the country, would in fact merit the trouble which would be incurred.

Now it is possible, just, to reconcile those views. Mr Jenkins has 'no objection in principle' to a wealth tax, and both men recognise that it would be daft simply to tinker with the present tax structure. But unless one is trying to construct an official joint communiqué embracing those views, the chasm is plain to see. And if Dr Owen would take his own advice, and stop fudging and mudging on such issues (his chapter on 'Inequality', containing those radical views on tax reform, was omitted from the post-SDP-launch paperback version of his book), nobody today could doubt which man would lead the SDP with more radical instincts.

This brings us back to why I believe an Owen victory could hurt Labour more than a Jenkins victory. In the short run, it is implausible that the Liberals would be less willing to co-operate with Dr Owen than Mr Jenkins between now and the next election. Mr Steel may prefer to work with Mr Jenkins, but as the Liberals are the main beneficiaries of the alliance, it cannot be in their interests to destroy it completely. Even if Mr Steel and Dr Owen were the world's worst enemies, neither would relish Liberal and SDP candidates standing against each other in the same seats at the next election.

It is, though, in the longer run that the difference between an Owen-led and a Jenkins-led SDP will become more apparent. However distasteful the prospect, Labour may do badly at the next election. If that happens, the tensions inside the party could put its long-term survival in doubt.

At that point, the oft-proclaimed realignment – or more accurately, permanent fissure – of the left could become a reality. An Owen-led SDP, with its own distinct, semi-radical image, would *then* pose a real threat to Labour, even if it seems to pose none today. And that is why I hope the bland waffle of Roy Jenkins has hoodwinked enough SDP members this week. □

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ALDERMASTON

Back in the bomb business

DUNCAN CAMPBELL reports on a secret £250 million plan to rebuild the nuclear weapons factory for the 21st century.

AN ENTIRELY NEW nuclear weapons manufacturing complex is being built at the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment (AWRE) at Aldermaston in Berkshire. Without public debate or Parliamentary discussion, the Ministry of Defence has persuaded the government to go ahead with a multi-million pound programme that will restore Aldermaston as a nuclear warhead manufacturing factory, equipped to operate well into the next century.

The authorities are refusing to divulge any cost or other details of this project. In addition to equipping Aldermaston for the task of manufacturing nuclear warheads for the Trident missile programme (designed to replace existing Polaris missile systems), the new facility is being given the capacity to design and develop the next generation of nuclear weapons after Trident.

The Ministry of Defence and senior ministers in successive governments have recently come under severe criticism for failing to admit the secret decision and the huge cost of going ahead with the 'Chevaline' warhead programme to extend the life of the existing Polaris missiles and their abilities to evade Soviet defences. The secrecy over this new programme, which will put Aldermaston for decades in a position to supply more and more sophisticated nuclear weapons, is just as great. On 8 June, Defence Under-Secretary Geoffrey Pattie told Robin Cook MP in a written answer that it was 'not the practice to disclose detailed costs'. In addition, he refused to give any information about the new Aldermaston complex or its specific purposes.

The new construction will cost at least £250 million and probably more like double that figure, according to knowledgeable civil engineers. Mr Cook has official documents which show that costs have already jumped from a programme estimated at a mere £30 million in 1979 to £114 million this year for the central building and £230 million for the whole complex.

Of greater public interest than the cost, however, is the fact that a major long-term political and military decision has been taken without any public or parliamentary scrutiny. This aspect worries those who remember that a major pressure for the Chevaline programme was a desire of the Aldermaston vested interest to have a weapons system that kept it in business. In the secret corridors of Whitehall, capacity to supply tends to create a demand from the MoD.

The new centre, the A90 Complex, will replace the AWRE's A1 building, which manufactured the first British A Bomb. In the case of the Chevaline project, the Ministry of Defence stonewalled repeated Parliamentary questions with vague references to 'maintaining the effectiveness of our nuclear capacity'. The cost of the project was kept secret from Treasury Ministers and carefully concealed in the annual defence expenditure estimates. The same is true of the A90 project. There is no mention of its cost in the Defence White paper. In fact it seems likely to generate as many unforeseen difficulties as Chevaline. According to an engineer involved in the construction design: 'It's another Concorde project all over again'.

THE MAIN difficulties involve the origin of the design for the central building, a Plutonium Processing Facility, which is based on an American building at the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory, in New Mexico – one of two design centres for American nuclear weapons. Following a visit to Los Alamos in 1979 Dr David Cardwell, Aldermaston's Director, decided that the erection of a similar building in Britain would be Aldermaston's answer.

The Los Alamos Building (called the TA55 building) has, however, some unsuitable design features for Britain's geography and climate. The TA55 building is on the side of a hill, at high altitude in a relatively sunny desert area. Aldermaston is on a rainy flood plain in the centre of the Thames Valley. The Los Alamos building has huge, earthquake-proof concrete foundations, an air conditioning system designed for high altitude, low density, dry warm air, and was built to work on a slope. It does not have any provision for keeping out ground water, which is inconvenient since the Thames Valley has a high water table about ten inches below ground at Aldermaston.

At the centre of the A90 complex are four 'bays' containing laboratories for handling plutonium. The plutonium is produced by British nuclear reactors to 'weapons grade', and is then processed and refined at Windscale, before being sent to Aldermaston for machining and assembly into 'billets' – precise shapes which are part of the relatively miniature but nonetheless powerful Chevaline or Trident warheads. The billets are then sent by road to the Royal Ordnance Factory, Burghfield – a few miles away and currently the site of a women's peace camp – where they are finally assembled into nuclear weapons ready for use.

Inside each bay are 'glove boxes', in which the plutonium is handled and processed behind thick glass, with heavy, built-in gloves. The glove boxes create another difficulty in transferring the Los Alamos building design to Aldermaston, since the Americans normally fill the boxes with purified air, while Britain uses nitrogen gas. This has involved further costly design changes.

Of the four bays, two are to be used for manufacturing Trident warheads. One will be used for recovering plutonium from obsolete and unwanted British bombs. The fourth is intended for 'research and development' for yet further series of nuclear weapons. The decision to plan now for nuclear weapons programmes beyond Trident is highly controversial, as is the fact that the Ministry of Defence were spending money developing the new building specifically for Trident warhead manufacture at least a year before the Trident decision was taken by the Cabinet, let alone discussed in Parliament.

The MoD's eagerness to start on Trident (even before the Cabinet authorised it) meant that they had arranged for half of the new A90 Complex to be ready for use by 1986. (The remainder of the building will not be available until 1989.) In consequence, construction has started well before there is any likelihood of the final cost of the project being known. The A90 Complex is now under construction in a central, undeveloped part of Aldermaston where it will be surrounded by successive layers of fences, security devices, closed circuit television cameras and permanent floodlights.

The original cost of copying the Los Alamos TA55 plutonium building has escalated alarmingly. The contract for designing the new centre was given to the US Fluor Corporation, who had built the Los Alamos centre. As an inducement, both Fluor and the US government supplied Aldermaston and the MoD, in 1979, with complete plans and drawings of the Los Alamos centre, free of charge.

THE MAIN A90 Plutonium Processing Facility has around it a costly array of further projects, designed to keep Aldermaston in business as a major nuclear weapons laboratory well into the next century. The additional projects include two new electricity substations, three office buildings, new boiler and power houses and an entire new Waste Management Group complex.

Management of solid and liquid wastes is essential in running plutonium processing, but all the existing Waste Management buildings (and, until recently, the A1 building) have been too dangerous to use, and out of use since 1978, when workers at the establishment refused to enter the areas after many instances of contamination by plutonium were discovered. A report made later by a prominent former government radiation specialist, Sir Edward Pochin, condemned carelessness at Aldermaston in handling radioactive substances. Thirteen workers had suffered plutonium contamination to their lungs, four had plutonium elsewhere – and four died of cancer.

Pochin found that Aldermaston had 'too few' health physics (safety) staff, 'serious deficiencies of staffing likely to contribute . . . to an undue frequency of minor contami-

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Camera Press

Aldermaston 1961: will they be marching again?

nations (and) a potential risk of larger discharges'. There was also 'poor containment' of liquid and solid radioactive wastes, 'incorrectly mounted' detectors, and a problem with the 'scientific isolation' of key staff because of security. Mr Trevor Brown, the Aldermaston scientist who had campaigned for a decade for improved safety inside the establishment, was forced to resign in May 1981 after publicly criticising the safety standards and pointing out that early action would have prevented the sweeping closures which became permanent after the Pochin report.

The new buildings which will deal with waste from the A90 Complex include:

- A 'decontamination centre', which will deal with the disposal of dangerously contaminated equipment. Already, there is a stockpile of over 400 gloveboxes, some weighing over eight tons, waiting to be disposed of at Aldermaston – the legacy of 25 years of bomb manufacture. Officials say that breaking up the gloveboxes for disposal will be 'potentially the greatest hazard' from the new facilities. The design of the decontamination centre has not been completed. No-one is certain how the work will be done. But it will take at least five years, and cost over £25 million. Some £21 million has already been spent clearing up other contaminated buildings at Aldermaston after the Pochin report.
- A liquid waste treatment facility will receive and treat nearly a million gallons a year of plutonium-contaminated liquid; and pump the residue into the Thames at Pangbourne. The new liquid waste plant replaces a 30-year-old building which does not comply with present safety standards, part of which has been closed down.
- A solid waste facility, to which the discarded material used in making bomb parts will be sent.

The huge quantities of radioactive waste produced by the new activity at Aldermaston will be taken out by road in drums, to be dumped at sea. Engineers estimate that this will include 700 'packages' of solidified plutonium-containing radioactive sludge, and over 2000 drums of solid waste, every year. The weapons manufacturing activity at Aldermaston already produces more drums of radioactive waste than Britain is allowed, by an international quota system, to dump at sea. In consequence, a static stockpile of drums is building up at Aldermaston. Two new 'radioactive dustbin' warehouses are to be built to hold the waste material, starting next year.

The Ministry of Defence is exempt from the Radioactive Substances Act, which normally controls all discharges. It is allowed to discharge three 'Curies' worth of radioactive strontium or calcium, or one third of a Curie of uranium and plutonium every year. (A 'Curie' is a unit of radioactivity; a *concentrated* source of one Curie could be regarded as highly dangerous.) The Department of the Environment, which supervises the discharges, claims, however, that these levels are 'at least as rigorous as those observed by civil organisations' and 'do not consitute a hazard'.

THE NEW COMPLEX, which constitutes a total renewal of the central part of the huge, sprawling establishment at Aldermaston, is due to be completed by 1990. But according to engineers familiar with the design, it shows every sign of the long cost and time over-runs that have dogged most major defence projects. None of the 16 separate facilities involved have yet been fully designed, and in some cases the Aldermaston design staff do not yet have any idea how necessary technical processes will be accomplished. Three-quarters of the detailed engineering design for the main building has not yet been done. But the Ministry of Defence still wants the main contract to be awarded as soon as possible. All of the costs allowed for ancillary facilities, such as waste treatment and power stations, are 'estimates' for buildings as yet without any detailed design. Nevertheless, the whole programme was approved by Mr Pym when he was Defence Secretary, before June 1980.

The Ministry of Defence has now accepted a year's delay, until the end of 1987, in the completion of the first two 'bays' for assembling parts for Trident. Everyone else regards this as 'unrealistic' optimism and expects the project to be finished years later.

The reason for the unseemly haste is the MoD and AWRE's determination to keep nuclear weapons production going at a maximum rate. The A1 plutonium building, which was closed in August 1978, only re-opened 'with difficulty' some months ago, and is involved in producing parts for the Chevaline warheads.

Mr Pym's decision to press ahead with the buildings, regardless of suitability, cost, or the approval of the Treasury, was made at least a month before the Cabinet took the Trident procurement decision in July 1980. The manner of Pym's decision, which had been strongly urged on him by MoD Permanent Under-Secretary Sir Frank Cooper, led to official fears that improper procedures ran the risk of an embarrassing examination by the Commons' Public Accounts Committee.

The Public Accounts Committee recently made their views about the concealment of the costs of major defence projects very clear. In a report this March on the Chevaline project, the Committee told the House of Commons that:

> The failure to inform Parliament that a major programme on this scale was being undertaken, or that its costs were turning out to be so far in excess of that originally expected, is quite unacceptable. Full accountability to Parliament is imperative.

The Ministry of Defence told the *New Statesman* last week that it was 'not prepared to discuss the costs of specific buildings or facilities'. But the project would not be included in the £8 billion now set aside for spending on Trident. The £250 million worth of new buildings are officially described as 'a facility essential to the continuation of design and development of nuclear warheads beyond the 1990s'. Mr Trevor Brown described the new work as a 'virtual rebuilding' of the research centre, which, as the focus for the CND protests of the 1960s, was in the past the most publicised defence centre in Britain. It may soon be back in the limelight. □

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Searching for Labour's Soul

DAVID SELBOURNE on the crisis in socialism

ALL socialists can question (in the words of my friend and colleague at Ruskin College, Raphael Samuel) 'the unspoken moral and social premises on which Social Democratic Party politics rest'. After recent events, like the Falklands crisis and the National Executive Committee's action towards the Militant Tendency, it is relevant to examine the even more problematic premises on which the Labour Party and the labour movement rest: indeed, to ask whether, as a subordinate conservative party of muddle, jingo and faction, it rests on any at all.

The leading assumption of current controversy about where the Labour Party is going – or has gone – is that it is convulsed by a struggle (overdue or untimely according to your political position) between right and left; between the 'common sense' of an enfeebled social democracy and the stridency of a nascent and 'genuinely socialist' programme. In fact the reach of the Labour Party's crisis runs much deeper. The dissent and division in the Labour Party are plainly neither adventitious on the one hand, nor simply a 'product of the economic crisis' on the other, but institutionalised and organic.

Designation of the party as a 'broad church', the most tiresome of all the cliches which is applied to it, can do nothing to obscure this. Indeed, the fact is that some of its celebrants (and their priests) are worshipping at one altar, and others at another. In this babel of faltering and less-than-convinced voices, it is the congregation which is melting away, leaving behind it empty pews, mid-term swings to the Tories and even lost deposits.

Unfortunately, collapse into a black hole is not polarisation. Furthermore, to speak of 'socialism' and of 'the working class' *tout court*, as if there were any longer an agreed definition of either, is the crassest form of wishful thinking. So is the further assumption that the millions of 'the working class' who voted Tory at the last election (and who will do so again at the next), were simply disaffected by the performance of successive Labour governments.

Recent whistling in the dark about the 'Falklands factor' was no better. Moreover, clinging on to the assertion that 'the working class' has not recently suffered any 'decisive defeats', and that its powder is therefore dry for a future and equally decisive 'victory', is the crudest kind of political Manicheism: less dialectical than metaphysical, in which simple polarities again confront each other in a world of the mind.

The possibility that there may not any longer be, if there ever was, a distinctive 'working-class politics' with its own 'trajectory', carrying the labour movement in an arrow-like flight to a utopian bull's eye marked 'victory', does not appear to cloud the speculations of such fantasists. Sentimental appeals to working-class 'folk memories', or to the 'Christian heritage of socialism', or to the long-lost world of the *Ragged Trousered Philanthropists,* are no longer sufficient in themselves to sustain or explain the moral politics of the labour movement. Perhaps they never were. But now its pantheon of lost heroes, from Keir Hardie to Aneurin Bevan, has little remaining capacity, despite the efforts of hagiography, to evoke either nostalgia for times past or a sense of a living tradition.

Certainly the ranks of the Labour Party, as a 'mass political force', can hardly be reconstituted, as they desperately need to be, by a new bout of public ownership, combined with withdrawal from the Common Market, or even by the moral appeal of the greatest of all contemporary crusades, that against nuclear weapons. It is even clearer that Michael Foot's loyal parliamentarianism, in its befuddled dotage, is the quickest of all routes to its dissolution. Healey or Shore will merely complete the process. As for the undoubted political courage and belligerence of Tony Benn, in his latter-day reincarnation as the leader of the left's Band of Hope, his sense of direction is less that of an intrepid Samurai warrior than that of a kamikaze pilot.

Indeed, all too few in the Labour movement seem ready to see that a combination of trade union Tammany and post-war welfarism, unemployment and lumpenisation, have taken a heavy moral toll of labour ideals. In large measure, as Jeremy Seabrook has pointed out so eloquently, they have dissolved what class solidarity there was into competing forms of self-interest, and promoted a 'political agenda' and a political culture which is truly a world away from that of the post-war reconstruction.

This new world's major component, drawn from the brackish mainstream of labour, has come to be one that is potentially violent. Its crude prejudices and ardours, which were once contained and repressed within the labour movement, have also now become a powerful element in our ruling national ideology.

They are also being successfully harnessed to the Tory Party's populist purpose. The *Sun*, for example, triumphantly expresses its base stridency. It is essentially a mutant, and in its own way militant, *working-class* culture; however insulting such a term may be to the credulous honorary proletarians and historiographers of an imaginary golden age of labour, whose heroes are always a Winstanley or a Bunyan, a Blatchford or a Tressell, a Bevin or a Bevan, and never their underworld *alter egos*.

What urgently needs to be recognised is that a new kind of rank-and-file is in process of formation, proletarian in origin but remote from the concerns and perceptions of today's, as well as yesterday's, Labour Party. However benevolent or rational the intentions which lie behind the Social Democratic Party's attempt to market 'consumer sovereignty', or the Labour Party's 'alternative economic programme' (let alone middle-class appeals to the solace of fraternity and the socialist commonwealth), none are likely to satisfy the legitimate political revanchism of a demoralised generation, which may one day make 'Argies' of all its perceived opponents.

Increasingly classist rather than class-conscious, sexist and racist, this deformed part of the world of labour is already powerful enough to defeat most future expectations of the labour movement. The fall in traditional support for the Labour Party and the hostility of many trade unionists to what they perceive to be the 'excessive powers' of their own trade unions, are merely two symptoms of much deeper political shifts than most commentators within the movement are prepared to acknowledge.

To attribute responsibility for these changes to the persuasive power of 'the media' evades the underlying issues. To mistake the increasing sense of 'betrayal' which political and economic failure in general, and the failure of the Labour Party in particular, arouses in an unemployed generation, commits the most fatal of political errors. For this sense of betrayal, and of 'middle-class' betrayal at that, is growing. The free application of the words 'treason' and 'traitor' in the popular – or plebeian – press to those opposed to the Falklands imbroglio was only one token of this evolution.

Yet this does not seem to deter the middle-class romantic, whose illusions about 'the working class' are evidently fonder then either fact or reason. 'Inside every shop steward', the estimable Edward Thompson has just announced, 'there is a Don Quixote struggling to get out'. 'We must feel humble to working people', said Hugh Gaitskell, quoted recently by Raphael Samuel with seeming approval and even relish; they are 'more honest and natural than the middle class who are always trying to be something they aren't'. Quite so. It is forever the same old business, convoluted and guilty, the same old uneasy transfer, from Marx onwards, of identity and allegiance; nothing else than an *inverted* classism as pernicious as racism.

Within these strenuous convolutions, a sombre truth is hidden: that much of the British labour movement has drawn far away from the moral and social purposes, as well as the cultural forms, which are attributed to it by the well-meaning. The pacific huzzas of the Hyde Park crowds for a Tony Benn or an Edward Thompson must not be discounted. Yet we must not be misled by them into thinking that there is a moral majority, or even a sizeable active minority, within the labour movement as a whole (and particularly not in the trade unions), working with *their* fervour and certainty for disarmament and social progress. It is far better to face up to that fact, free of illusion, instead of forever constructing middle-class fables, and dreaming middle-class dreams, of working-class socialism, solidarity and struggle. □

David Selbourne is Tutor in Politics at Ruskin College, Oxford.

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JURIES

Deemed unfit to serve

Up to 10 million voters will be barred from jury service, if the Government gets its way. PHIL KELLY investigates

THE GOVERNMENT intends to persist in its latest attack on the embattled jury system, despite suffering a tactical reverse last week. Legislation is planned which will deprive millions of electors of the right to serve on juries, thus abandoning the principle of the right to jury service of all voters implemented under the Heath government.

The changes were to have come in government amendments to the Administration of Justice Bill, which is at present going through the Commons. But last week, a Labour back bencher, Robert Kilroy Silk, threatened to wreck the Bill's passage by tabling 'hundreds of amendments' if the proposed new restrictions on jury service were tabled from the government side.

Mr Kilroy Silk objected both to the content of the government proposals and to the manner of their arrival in the legislative process. The Bill, intended to be non-controversial, was not scheduled for a second reading before the whole House, but in a committee. After the unexpected flare-up, whips on both sides conferred. The Home Office will say only that it is 'considering the matter', but the word in the House is that the changes will now have to find their way into a bill of their own.

The government is seeking to bar from juries all people convicted in the past ten years of any offence which carries a possible jail sentence of more than three months, regardless of whether or not they were actually sentenced to serve a prison sentence. At present, only those who actually serve custodial sentences are barred; Borstal training or a sentence of three months to five years carry a disqualification for ten years; those sentenced to more than five years in prison are disqualified from jury service for life.

People who at the moment are convicted of crimes like shop-lifting, possession of cannabis or minor public order offences and are 'let off' with a fine will be disbarred from jury service for ten years. (In common with many politically active people, I am one of them. My 1978 Grunwick picket-line conviction for threatening behaviour, for which I was fined, now apparently disqualifies me as a juror until 1988.)

The Home Office is unable to say how many people would be affected. About two million people are convicted of summary and indictable offences in England and Wales each year. Most of the offences carry a maximum prison sentence which may not be imposed. (The further 5.3 million motoring offences are excluded from the government's current plans.) Even allowing for a certain amount of recidivism among those convicted, it seems probable that five to ten million voters of England and Wales will be affected out of the 36 million entitled to do jury service.

The National Council for Civil Liberties is predictably outraged by the government's plans.

> It is a clawback of the position established in 1972 that jury service should be the right of all voters. It is also ridiculous in the light of the Rehabilitation of Offenders' Act which provides that previous conviction must not be mentioned even when a person comes up on a subsequent criminal charge

said their Legal Officer, Harriet Harman.

The extent of the government's proposed change has surprised even its supporters. The proposal goes 'much wider than my original request which was just that people sentenced to prison terms which were suspended should be barred from jury service as if they had served sentences' says Neil Thorne, the Conservative MP of Ilford South.

THERE HAS been a conspicous campaign for restrictions on the right to jury service over the past five months by Scotland Yard, some Conservative backbenchers, and the press, particularly the *Daily Mail*. On 30 January, *Daily Mail* crime correspondent Tim Miles quoted the Deputy Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, Peter Kavangh, at some length. Kavanagh claimed:

> Juries are being rigged, in that they are being 'arranged' by counsel and no longer chosen at random. With the changes of the qualifications of juries over the years, it widens the scope to such an extent that people who have been convicted of quite serious offences but not sent to prison can serve immediately on a jury. Previously, mainly people of good character only served on juries.

Kavanagh went on to demand changes in the law to disqualify from jury service 'people convicted of a criminal offence, not just those who have served a prison sentence.'

On that day, and in four subsequent editions, the *Mail* featured stories about jurors with criminal convictions, and an interview with a jury foreman who bemoaned 'the distrustful attitude of fellow jurors to police evidence', 'the lack of respect for the court', perverse verdicts and 'the inability of jurors – particularly young people – to make a rational assessment of evidence.' In February and March, the *Sun, Daily Star* and *Daily Express* all carried stories about 'criminals' or people on bail facing serious charges, serving on juries. On 11 March, the Government leaked its proposed new restrictions, and announced them officially on 25 March. The 'reformers' had evidently been pushing an open door.

This is hardly surprising. Several Conservative Ministers have signalled their opposition to the present social composi-

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Hailsham: 'tip of an iceberg . . .'

tion of juries. When he was Opposition spokesman on law matters, Attorney General Sir Michael Havers complained that it was only necessary to dress in a suit and carry a copy of *The Times* to be rejected from a jury by defence lawyers using their right of peremptory challenge. Speaking to the *Daily Mail* in January, Deputy Commissioner Kavanagh made an identical claim.

The police have consistently complained that 'people of good character' are kept off juries. They have deliberately confused the change in the social composition of juries with the few cases of corruption of jurors which have come to light. Explaining the Government's proposals in the House of Lords on 9 June, the Lord Chancellor Lord Hailsham hinted that these cases were the tip of an iceberg of attempted jury corruption. 'What one finds are the ones which do not come off. It is the ones which do come off which cause anxiety,' he told SDP peer Lord Harris of Greenwich.

Lord Harris's question in the Lords came only days after two Old Bailey trials were stopped, one after a juror claimed to have been approached to take a bribe, the other after related police investigations. Four people were arrested in connection with the two cases, before and immediately after Lord Harris's question. All four strenuously deny charges of conspiracy to pervert the course of justice in connection with the cases. It will be months before any evidence in these cases sees the light of day in a courtroom, but the timetable for changes in the law is much shorter. The Government proposals seem certain to be law before the Parliamentary recess. Meanwhile, existing government guidelines on how to 'randomly select' a jury remain secret.

Ever since more women and black and working-class people began sitting on juries there have been complaints about 'bias.' In 1964, giving evidence to the Morris Committee on jury service, the Association of Chief Police Officers and the then Metropolitan Commissioner, Sir John Waldron, deplored the deterioration in the quality of jurors, particlarly in urban areas. Property qualifications then confined jury service to just over seven million people, mostly middle-class men, out of an electorate of 31.7 million in England and Wales. But that was nearly five times as many as in 1955.

The Morris Committee recommended that all voters should be able to serve on juries. In the wake of this, senior police officers, prominent among them Leicester's Chief Constable, Robert Mark, raised the issue of corruption and intimidation of jurors, pressing for juries to be allowed to convict by a 10-2 majority rather than unanimously. In the face of opposition from the civil liberties lobby, the Labour government brought in the 10-2 majority verdict in 1967. This, said Home Secretary Roy Jenkins, would prevent the corruption of jurors from affecting the outcome of criminal trials.

It was the Morris Committee recommendations which came into effect in 1974. In 1977, a Labour government reduced the number of peremptory challenges, by which defence lawyers can object to jurors without giving a reason, from seven challenges per defendant to three. In 1979, giving evidence to the Royal Commission on Criminal Procedure ACPO proposed there should be either two-to-one majority verdicts, or 'closer control of the selection of juries.'

THE ROOT of the police objection is that juries increasingly refuse to believe them. The acquittal rate in higher courts rose from 39 per cent of those pleading not guilty in 1965 to 50 per cent in 1973 and 56 per cent in 1976. It was again 50 per cent in 1980. But of these, only 58 per cent were acquitted by juries; the others were found not guilty after the judge's direction, or discharged by the judge him or herself.

But the judiciary and the police are worried where they claim to see perverse acquittals, particularly but not solely in cases where black jurors apparently refuse to convict black defendants. Government law officers are now poring over the transcript of the trial of the Bradford 12, when 12 young Asians were acquitted after they admitted that they had made petrol bombs to defend their community against an expected fascist attack. The trial was preceded by a strong defence challenge to the predominantly white composition of the jury panel.

The police are naturally reluctant to admit publicly that increased public scepticism of their activities, and negative experiences of jurors and their friends, particularly young people and blacks, at the hands of the police, might be the reason for the greater reluctance to convict on police evidence. Such inconvenient dissidents are simply to be swept off juries. The Government wants to bring to an end the only period in recent history when we have been judged by our peers. It has lasted just eight and a half years. □

CENSORSHIP

Liberty versus decency

Westminster City Council has tried to regulate Soho sex shops for years. SARAH BENTON reports on new national legislation

BY THIS WEEKEND, retired colonels from the shires should be breathing a public sigh of relief and a quiet sigh of private disappointment. They are to be saved for ever from the scourge of the High Street sex shop.

Sex shops and cinemas have already retreated behind black windows and warning notices following the recent introduction of the Indecent Displays Act. New regulations on cinematography are being introduced under a private bill from Peter Lloyd. And now local authorities are to have the power to introduce a licensing system for sex establishments – or to ban them altogether from their areas. The Party of Free Trade for Shopkeepers has decided that at least one category of shop may be banned altogether.

The new provision has been 'hitched onto' the Local Government (Miscellaneous Provisions) Bill, a mishmash of laws clarifying certain local authority powers, including the regulation of acupuncture, take-away food shops and firemen's switches for luminous tube signs. The Bill is due to have its final (and almost first) Commons discussion this Friday.

As Lord Sowerby of Houghton said, in defence of the liberty of the subject, the Local Government Bill had been transformed overnight 'from being an unexciting parliamentary exercise into making the sex shop the superstar of our current legislation.' In fact, his has been almost the only dissenting voice.

Almost all the recent moves to restrict the display or sale of anything to do with sex in the last few years have come from Conservatives or the militant Church of England tendency. They have met with little opposition, not just because few on the Labour benches dissent from their view of the sanctity of family life, but also because these definers of our moral values now speak in the voice of women's liberation. The Lord Bishop of London, during the Bill's second reading, said he deplored sex establishments because 'they represent an attitude to women which I find deeply offensive, portraying them as little more than playthings for men.' Timothy Sainsbury, who moved the Indecent Displays Bill, says he is against sex shops because they undermine family life 'by treating women as sex objects'. Mrs Whitehouse says 'Women's Lib' is on her side. Even Ronald Coleman, for the Ann Summers organisation, which is all in favour of sex shops, says he has sympathy with the

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view that 'they are degrading to women' ('though not, presumably, with the Bishop of London's view that 'the purpose of the sex industry is profit, naked and unashamed.' So to speak.).

But is it this new-found sense of women's dignity, or even the dangers of profit-seeking free trade, which has spurred the government to act on sex shops? Mrs Whitehouse believes it is because the government found the relentless pressure from her supporters irresistible. 'The sex clause in the Bill is because of us', she says, 'but the speed with which it was done, and the lack of public discussion leads one to believe that they are avoiding the pressure to bring in effective obscenity laws.'

Mr Sainsbury thinks the sex clause may have something to do with him. He spoke of the need to stop sex shops spreading at a 'ladies lunch' in Windsor at the beginning of December. The speech went down well and a few weeks later the government acted.

However, the true credit should go to the town planning committee of Westminster City council, then chaired by Councillor Whipham (sic). Westminster is the local authority for the sordid square mile of Soho. There the pornographers have driven out the old craft shops and many of the restaurants because, said one council spokesman, they pay 'well over the odds' to get hold of shop premises. Overnight, the strings of Italian sausages are swept off the counters and replaced with vibrators, blow-up rubber women, peep shows, coin-in-the-slot videos and goodness knows what else. There were, at the last count, 104 sex establishments in Soho including 24 'video lounges' and 30 video booths (where some luckless punters get nothing but the credits for their three minutes' worth).

The trade had corrupted Soho. But of more concern to Westminster, it was spreading first to Paddington and then to Victoria. Councils had no power to restrict the activities of the sex retail trade because, according to planning law, a shop is a shop whatever it sells. New legislation would be the answer and Westminster Council proposed that it should be incorporated in the next GLC General Purposes Bill. The London Boroughs Association agreed. Sir Horace Cutler, then leader of the GLC, thought it was a good idea and William Whitelaw, approached by Sir Horace and Westminster City Council, gave it a cautious go-ahead.

Up until the government's sudden change of mind last December, the government's line had been that, however much they might deplore the sex industry, personally speaking, there was no consensus on how to reform the laws on obscenity. But protests from the provinces, which saw sex shops spreading inexorably along the motorways, were growing. Hampshire was one of a number of local authorities that were planning to curb the sex industry and both the Association of Metropolitan Authorities and the Association of District Council Secretaries began to liaise over the GLC Bill.

Even so, the government's sudden announcement on 22 December, the day before the Christmas recess, that it would introduce the licensing powers for all local authorities at the report stage of the Bill, took most people by surprise. The government apparently feared that it would be overtaken by conflicting sets of local authority legislation making the law even more of a mess than Bernard Williams, in his now ignored report on Obscene Publications declared it to be. The government did not want to act on the liberal reforms recommended by the Williams Report and by introducing the licensing clause into the Local Government Bill, it had solved two problems. It appeased the demand that the Party of the Family should act decisively, and also pre-empted any new controversy over the existing law on obscenity. In fact, it seems not to have recognised how undermined and uncertain the libertarian lobby feels in the post-60s reaction.

WESTMINSTER CITY council are not that delighted that their proposals to control the metropolitan sex trade have been converted into a measure to protect provincial family life. They had wanted, says their solicitor Terence Neville, to 'regulate the whole of the sex industry as it operates in London today'. The government's legislation dropped the council's proposals to include 'sex encounter premises' and 'nude photography studios', to name but two establishments in the licensing scheme. As the Earl of Halsbury tried to explain to the Lords:

> You go into a room. You are there looking through a window at a naked woman who is performing something or other to your prescription – a type of solitary sex which surely cannot be in the interests of stable marriage in so far as it reflects some of our personal kinkinesses, and all of us no doubt have them from time to time, but they are better not indulged. That is what takes place in sex encounter premises.

The government would not include such premises on the grounds that they would, in effect, be licensing brothels, which was beyond them.

Ann Summers is already operating a scheme that would appear to be beyond the confines of the Bill. This is their 'party plan', 'like Tupperware parties' explains Mr Coleman, where 'ladies gather' to look at exotic underwear and the sort of sexual aids which presumably Mr Sainsbury's ladies' lunch would regard as undermining the family. The parties are enormously successful, claim Ann Summers, which expects to be running 2,000 a week soon. Will this mean individual women will have to apply for licenses to run their homes as sex establishments?

APART FROM local councillors, who will be giving or withdrawing licences, mail order firms (whose trade in sex aids will presumably increase) and Ann Summers party organisers, the other group whose work will grow is the police. They will have the power to raid sex shops not just to check for obscene publications, which they can do now, but to ensure that a licensed shop is following the conditions laid down in its license, and to check out that premises are not being used as a sex shop without a licence.

Where local authorities and Chief

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SS82

NEW STATESMAN

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Constables walk hand in hand on the issues of sex and morality, the new restrictions may well proceed smoothly. Where they don't, it opens new vistas for police/community clashes. The place where it might flare up first is Manchester, stalking patch of James Anderton, well known Christian and enemy of obscenity. In 1977, Anderton announced he had decided to clamp down on 'patently obnoxious material' in Manchester and reported that public support for his decision 'has been enormously overwhelming.' Among the shops raided under the Obscene Publications Act have been suburban newsagents, a branch of Tescos (for their Page Three *Sun* girls) and general bookshops.

Most retailers find the law unsettling because they do not know what might be classified by the police as obscene. However, one man who has found out, and feels very bitter about it, is David Britton, publisher of highly respectable works, and bookshop owner in Manchester. He has just come out of Strangeways prison where he spent 28 days for selling obscene literature. No previous case of a criminal prosecution under the Obscene Publications Act is remembered in Manchester.

The books he was prosecuted for were, thinks author Michael Moorcock, who is published by Britton, hardly obscene at all – more the sort of badly written soft porn that is available in most city centres. The seven books, including *Something for the Boys* and *Two Suspicious Girls*, have been freely on sale since 1973. Mr Britton bought them as remainders in 1979 and now says 'I've lost track of the number of times I've been raided'. What makes him especially upset is that he had approached the police for guidance on what they regard as obscene before his arrest, but could get no answer. The judge's comment was 'if you are in doubt as to whether you are committing an offence then do not do anything which could possibly amount to one.'

There is therefore a gamut of pending laws, new interpretations of the law and discretionary police decisions on the laws on sex which is likely to change the whole legal framework for both published and visual material. There are many on the Left, especially in the women's movement, who will welcome restrictions on the freedom of men to make money out of purveying sadistic and degrading images of women. But the Bill's initial proposal to focus on sadistic and violent material has been amended to deal with any material 'intended to stimulate or encourage sexual activity.'

The restrictions are going ahead with no public discussion and with no political distinction being drawn between the notion of material which is obscene *because* it encourages the humiliation of women and that which is obscene merely because it is about sex. Bearing in mind the uproar about obscenity occasioned by the GLC's grant for the publication of lesbian feminist material, heavy-handed constables and councillors could find feminist centres and publications as 'obscene' and 'undermining of family life' as are the traditional stuff of pornographers. □

Additional research by Marion Bowman.

FOREIGN NEWS: WASHINGTON 1

Mr 'Bechtel' takes over

George Shultz faces some tough questions when he goes before the Senate. CLAUDIA WRIGHT reports

IN THE THREE days before General Haig's resignation this week, the White House disintegrated to a point of contradiction, chaos, and loss of personal control that has rarely been seen before during an international crisis.

In picking Shultz, the White House was motivated by the urgent need to have a man at the State Department whose loyalty and amiability will help settle White House nerves and allay outside criticism, while implementing to the letter the stances which Reagan has decided are necessary for his re-election campaign in 1983-84. Where Haig was splenetic, Shultz will be phlegmatic – a change of humour, but not of policy.

On first appearances, Shultz, the millionaire President of Bechtel Corporation, one of the 25 largest companies in the US, is the sort of Republican who might be expected to preserve the Administration from the votes of no-confidence it has recently been getting from Wall Street and international markets. He sits on the boards of Dillon, Read, the stock brokerage; J.P. Morgan and Morgan Guaranty Trust, the banks; General Motors and Sears Roebuck, the retailer. He and Bechtel have grown increasingly richer by foreign construction projects and the export of American technology abroad.

This side of his activity, however, will produce some of the toughest questions Shultz will face from the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, when it meets to consider his nomination. As a pipeline builder for the oil and gas industry, Shultz is inclined not to interfere with the Soviet-European gas pipeline contract, but he will adhere faithfully to the President's policy. Mr Reagan's decision to reverse the commitments he gave to the Europeans on that issue (*NS* 4 June) not only contradicted General Haig's recommendations, but also those of Shultz himself, who had been the President's emissary in Europe and Japan before the summit conference met.

Shultz may face another test of conflicting interests on nuclear non-proliferation and American technology exports. His corporate interest in exporting reactors and nuclear technology will coincide solidly with the Reagan effort to ease non-proliferation controls over such exports to countries like South Africa, Taiwan, and Argentina. This will agitate several Senators. On the other hand, Shultz is the man who approved an agreement last year with Mitsubishi and in 1980 with Hitachi to provide nuclear technology to the Japanese. The same companies are currently embroiled in indictments by the FBI and Justice Department for allegedly trying to steal computer technology from IBM.

Shultz's fundamental problems, however, will be that his personal views on East-West relations and international economic policy – which do not differ markedly from those of the State Department or of Haig for that matter – are not those of the President. Though the latter's simplism in these areas can be worked on by the former economics professor and university dean, Shultz has not been appointed to that role.

The new Secretary of State will also lack the opportunity to appoint enough senior staff to make even a subtle difference to American diplomacy in the short run. The price of any move he makes will be a tacit deal with Senator Jesse Helms and other right-wing Senators, who are determined to hold the Administration to a hard economic line with the Soviet Union and to intransigence on arms control. He must also accommodate the erstwhile liberal bloc of Democratic senators on the Foreign Relations Committee, who are intensely pro-Israel; and happy for their own political purposes this year, looking to the Presidential election ahead, to press the Administration – and Shultz – into a corner over the Middle East.

If Shultz appears 'soft' on the Arabs, both Senator Alan Cranston and Senator John Glenn, who are presidential contenders on the committee, have an asset to exploit for pro-Israel support. If Shultz appears 'tough' on the Arabs, he will be putting himself in the same bind that Haig was in. He may try to satisfy all sides, or try

Shultz: sticking closely to Reagan

Popperfoto

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to be both soft and tough, including the possibility of inviting Henry Kissinger back into government service as a Middle East negotiator. Kissinger has been anathema to the Republican right-wing, but he has carefully cultivated Shultz whom he describes in his memoirs as the 'one American to whom I would entrust the nation's fate in a crisis'. The Administration's relations with the Israelis would be eased if Kissinger, in whom they have confidence, were in charge of the settlement.

There is in reality no room for American policy to adopt either an anti-Israel or a pro-Arab position with Shultz's appointment. Instead, the contradictions will continue. The White House cannot run its empire without the Israelis, but neither can it retain the loyalty of its tributary Sheikhs, Emirs and Sultans by relying so obviously on Israeli force alone. □

WASHINGTON 2

Intrigue on the Potomac

After this week's surprise resignation by Secretary of State Haig, GODFREY HODGSON looks back on the General's career to date

WE HAVE BEEN treated to worthy, if confusing, attempts to give meaning to Secretary of State Haig's sudden resignation. They have tried to identify some issue of principle or policy that divided him from Judge William Clark and the rest of the California mafia in charge of the Reagan Administration's foreign policy.

It is quite true that there have been bitter dissensions between Haig and Clark on two specific issues in the past month, and no doubt these provided the occasion for the final tantrum. There are reports of screaming matches between the two men during the Reagan tour of Europe over the proper US policy in response to the building of the gas pipeline from Siberia to Germany.

And the exact position of the parties on the proper response for Washington to make to its Israeli allies' attempt to liquidate the Palestinian leadership, if not the Palestinian people, is likely to remain obscure until the memoir-writers have been combed by the historians. But there is little in Haig's record to make it plausible that he was shocked by the unmeasured brutality of the Israeli attack in itself. Jonathan Schell (whose new book, *The Fate of the Earth*, is the bible of the American peace movement) has described how Haig's men behaved when they turned a South Vietnamese village into 'a big parking lot'. Haig is said to have looked on, while villagers were tortured on his behalf by South Vietnamese soldiers.

'What do you mean, "Were they carrying a weapon?",' one of the junior officers in Haig's battalion barked at Schell. '*Anyone* killed by this outfit was carrying a weapon.'

To do Haig justice, he has never claimed to be squeamish.

As to the idea that Haig was so staunchly loyal to the Israeli alliance that he was shocked by the Administration's willingness to listen to the entreaties (and the threats) of King Fahd, that is not in character either.

What would be absolutely in character would be if what drove Haig to resign was the way both issues – the Siberian pipeline and the Israeli invasion of Lebanon – created situations where the White House was able to inflict wounding personal snubs on Haig and to exclude him from the inner circle of policy making. Haig is a proud and touchy man. But a quarter of a century as a staff officer, schooled to smile under the lash from West Point to the Nixon White House, has taught him not to throw the prize away out of sheer pride.

No: two things might convince an Al Haig that it was time to go. One would be the belief that the Reagan Administration was in such disarray that to be associated with it was beginning to be damaging. And the other was that his own role within the Administration was so humiliating that it would damage his own political ambitions. Haig has not concealed his ambition to be President.

His rise was been pitilessly chronicled by a former colleague in the Kissinger White House, Roger Morris, who was one of those who resigned as a matter of conscience when he learned of the secret bombing of Cambodia.* The same incident revealed Haig as an unconditional loyalist to Nixon, Kissinger and carpet bombing.

It was Haig who ordered another disillusioned staff member, William Watts, to do public relations on behalf of the bombing. Watts said he would rather resign. He could not quit, Haig said to him: 'You've just had an order from your commander-in-chief.'

'Fuck you, Al,' said Watts, and walked out.

HAIG IS himself a considerable master of public relations. He has succeeded in portraying himself as a tough sonofabitch, perhaps, but a simple fighting soldier who lives by the antique code of patriotism and honour. It is true that he was in combat in Korea and that he received several medals for gallantry in Vietnam. But he is no simple fighting soldier. He is, for one thing, a careerist whose rise has owed everything to patronage at more than one critical moment. His first staff appointment was as ADC to his father-in-law, and he began his military career as a protegé of those military courtiers who surrounded Douglas MacArthur as the American proconsul in Japan. When he was made a four-star general, he jumped over the heads of more than 200 senior officers. That was not done by simple military virtue. It was done by out-intriguing and out-conniving the champion connivers and intriguers in a White House that was a snakes' nest of backstabbing, weasel-talking and knifework. In that Byzantine environment, surrounded by such virtuosi of the courtier's arts as Kissinger, Haldeman, Colson, Ehrlichman and the rest, Haig was the champion bravo and the ultimate survivor.

Think of any of the clandestine brutalities of the Nixon foreign policy; and Al Haig was at the heart of it. Cambodia? It was his 'special responsibility' in the Kissinger team. Chile? The Senate Intelligence Committee investigation concluded that he was the 'de facto executive officer' of the murky plotting that led up to the Schneider assassination in 1970. Bangladesh? Haig and Kissinger alone sat with Nixon in the White House when he contemplated joining Pakistan and China in a war with India and Russia. 'He was always perfectly comfortable doing what must be done,' one of his colleagues told a reporter.

But Haig was also profoundly implicated in the secret inner history of the Nixon White House. The point that is missed about 'Watergate' by those who draw a naive distinction between the 'bad' domestic politics and the good foreign policy is that the lying, the wiretaps, the Huston plan, and all the rest of the structure of illegality and paranoia and bullying, all grew organically and inevitably out of the essential character of the Nixon-Kissinger foreign strategy, which was its secrecy. Where was Haig in all of that? He was in charge of the wiretaps. He maintained liaison with the Plumbers. He had the key to the tapes. And it was he, in a characteristically softfooted and cynical exercise in manipulation, who fixed the deal that bound poor Gerald Ford to pardon Nixon; and in so doing not only to mortgage the reputation of his own presidency, but also to ensure the exculpation and the further rise of Alexander Haig. Supreme achievement of this Iago of Pennsylvania Avenue; when it was all over, it was he who dictated his own self-serving versions of events to Woodward and Bernstein.

So Haig has gone. Are these his final days? That depends whether he can raise the money for a *condottiere's* ride towards the Republication nomination in 1984. Does that mean that we should heave a sigh of relief that authority over American power and American policy in a dangerous world has reverted to Ronald Reagan and his new adviser William Clark, who in his confirmation hearings before the Senate did not try to hide that he knew nothing and cared less about the world beyond America's shores. That is hardly reassuring.

Nor is it reassuring that the Haig affair has demonstrated once again that as this President, like each of his four predecessors, discovers the impotence of his office, foreign policy becomes the football of competing cliques of ambitious courtiers who are neither elected, nor representative, nor responsible. Once upon a time the United States stood for open diplomacy, for 'open compacts, openly arrived at', under the scrutiny of Congress and the press. The Haigs and Kissingers and their successors want the policy of the world's most powerful democracy to be decided by the methods of nineteenth-century absolutism: Potsdam on Potomac. □

**Haig: the General's Progress* by Roger Morris; to be published shortly in the United States by Playboy Press.

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NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

Peace call from Hungary

As part of its continuing efforts to encourage a dialogue about disarmament between East and West Europe, the *New Statesman* here publishes a personal statement by FERENC KÖSZEGI, a researcher in Peace Studies at Budapest University.

'This is not a Peace. It is an Armistice for 20 years' – said Marshal Foch of the 1919 Versailles Peace Treaty. The same might just as significantly be said of our current situation. Its symptoms are the worsening of Soviet-American relations; the military involvement of the super powers in the Third World, and the emergence of a spontaneous international peace movement.

Most people are not interested in these global problems. They think that their governments will be able to handle any developing crisis. They are falsely comforted by propagandist tactics, like President Reagan's proposal for a 'zero nuclear option'; or for a token 'unilateral withdrawal of troops'. The Strategic Arms Limitation Talks, or the Strategic Arms Reduction Talks at Geneva, or the continuation of the Mutual Balanced Force Reduction talks in Vienna – these are thought to be decisively important. In any case there is a general feeling that the arms industry, through technological innovation, has a positive effect on our standard of living.

Present economic, political and ideological differences in the world are thus working against the new peace movement. But confidence in the deterrent capacity of nuclear weapons is dangerous. It ignores the important fact that military balance at the highest strategic level does not rule out freedom of action at a lower strategic level (perhaps with conventional weapons) for the super-power which chooses to be more aggressive. For lack of a better term, I call this super-power attitude 'Nuke-Realism'.

In my view the statement that 'detente between the USA and the Soviet Union is of decisive importance for world peace' is false; because an increasingly bipolar world security system leaves the arms race untouched. Nothing is as incalculable (and potentially dangerous) as the secret diplomacy of uncontrollable powers on whom the odium of keeping the peace has been placed. That is why *our* task is like steering between Scylla and Charybdis.

We must recognise that today's nuclear strategy stands on three legs, which have developed historically by continuous progression. First was the development of fascism in its various forms in the 1920s; second was the rise of modern militarism after the war; and finally there is the modern arsenal of nuclear weapons. The first two were necessary conditions for the invention and development of nuclear weapons. They are pre-eminently important as part of the *rationale* of nuclear weapons.

Nuke-Realism has another characteristic aspect – the idea of preventative war. This has two strategic elements. For the first time in military history, it is possible for strategists to think of the advantage of surprise attack as being strategically decisive (on the whole a new concept to Soviet and American military thinking, which has been traditionally sceptical about *blitzkrieg*). Secondly, preventative war by one super-power could be based on the assumption that the other super-power had failed to develop a reliable defence system. The logic of these ideas about preventative war is ridiculous. But their very existence is an open threat to the nations of the world.

I want to outline our problems in Eastern Europe, in particular in Hungary in the context of this world dominated by Nuke-Realism. A new peace movement as such is yet to be born in Hungary. In this respect we have lagged behind other countries: the focus of our attention was on economic and social problems. In this order of priorities, peace questions do not occupy first place. Moreover, the failure of Helsinki agreements has given us cause to doubt transcontinental peace efforts. There is a general feeling in Hungary that all the official statements about the denuclearisation of Europe, about the removal of battlefield nuclear weapons, and about the 'no first use' nuclear strategy do not engage the real issues. For a nation which already has an official and institutionalised peace movement, the development of a new and independent peace movement is not easy.

In Eastern Europe, the political vocabulary of the authorities resembles that of the Western democratic tradition. Newspapers, books and TV programmes are full of such words as democracy, liberty, solidarity, justice and peace. 'Peace' is now perhaps the tritest word in *our* journalistic vocabulary. We have to endow such words with new meaning. The more similar and symmetrical the form of the words we use, the more striking are the contrasts in meaning and emphasis.

Our efforts to a new peace movement under present conditions have encountered difficulties. One example: last year some students from the faculty of arts wanted to organise a peace march against the deployment of Cruise missiles in European countries. Of course, against Soviet missiles, too. At first the authorities supported this plan, but later they organised an 'official' peace rally in the new gigantic sports hall with official speakers, with official slogans, and with official attendants. The students, however, wanted their *own* peace march with their *own* slogans. Unfortunately the opportunities are not equal. The new peace movement has a negligible platform; while the official organisations are generally unrepresentative of society. Co-operation between both would be useful, but at present there are only small peace groups (or individuals) who fear to act too resolutely.

Our friends gave us an account of a slogan war between the peace movement and the authorities in East Germany. The religious peaceniks borrowed a thought from the Bible: 'Schwerter zu Pflugscharen!' (swords into plough-shares). The East German defence minister replied immediately: 'Wir brauchen Schwerter und Pflugscharen!' (we need swords and plough-shares). The duel began again with a non-official slogan on the same lines: 'Frieden schaffen ohne Waffen.' (make Peace without arms). Now the riposte came from the FDJ (the East German Youth Communist Organisation): 'Frieden schaffen auch mit Waffen.' (make Peace with arms as well).

In Hungary most of the so called dissidents are opposed to the Western European peace movement, though my information about them is informal, for their publications do not deal with these issues. They view the whole peace movement as a puppet of the Soviet Union, resulting in a weakening of Western military capacity. There is also the argument that a denuclearised Europe is morally unacceptable as long as other parts of the world are under nuclear threat. In the interests of truth I have also to raise an improbably alternative: that some dissidents have not participated in the creation of a new peace movement out of fear that it would be endangered by their presence. However, I think that peace is indivisible. Hazel Henderson's slogan has a reversed version here: 'Think locally, act globally'.

There is a remarkable coincidence between the statements of politicians from the two power blocs when they talk of peace. But their common argument is ambiguous. Ostensibly they want reasonable mutual disarmament, but meanwhile they point the finger at the 'others'. Narrow political considerations are placed above the practical and urgent tasks of the peace movement.

For the time being our main task is to transform this moral commitment. Nuclear weapons are important targets of our struggle, but it is equally necessary to fight all militarist and fascist tendencies. By expanding the peace movement to other countries and, beyond intellectuals and students, to other levels of society, we can march forward. □

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DIARY

Christopher Price

With Labour's ratings at rock bottom and Michael Foot still unable quite to catch the requisite rhetoric, the journalists are casting around for alternative candidates. In the *Sunday Times* Hugo Young has put his money on Roy Hattersley, which is both canny judgment and a bit of a South Yorkshire plot. On the Council of Sheffield University 20 years ago, I used to watch Hugo's dad, Gerard, escaping from his factory into academia and trying to cope with the nascent student revolt; he's since progressed from Pro-Chancellor to Lord Lieutenant. Though little Hugo was sent away to Ampleforth, he remains, like me and Hattersley, a sentimental Sheffield throwback. But it's not just sentiment; the Labour Party can only successfully be led centrifugally at arm's length from the London Establishment, by a Celt or a Yorkshireman.

○

It's all idle chat by the journalists, in any case. Michael has a thin, steel strip of obstinacy inside him and he's going to fight the next election whatever the journalists say. Now he's got Jim Callaghan firing Exocet missiles at Mrs Thatcher and is beginning to get a socialist private office together, he could still come up from behind. What he really needs is a Jack Jones to complement him; the leadership vacuum at the moment is in the trade union movement, not the Labour Party.

○

Two little victories for the indivisibility of democracy last week. First we scuppered a bipartisan sleight of hand by the barristers to disqualify from jury service all those 2m citizens convicted of an imprisonable offence (See p 9). Lawyers have always held as a cardinal principle that those with criminal convictions are more prone to dishonesty and mendacity than those without them. I've always found the reverse to be true. The best liars get acquitted, or, more commonly, become respectable members of society.

We also inched a little nearer universal suffrage. To vote in Britain you need an address; and if your only address is a hospital psychiatric ward, you lose your citizen's rights – even if you're there quite voluntarily and can't leave because you've nowhere else to live. The Speaker's Conference, an all-party constitutional powwow, had recommended a change nearly ten years ago, but the Home Office is still in there, stonewalling away. When an amendment came up on the Mental Health Bill committee, they had written such a feeble brief for Geoffrey Finsberg, the DHSS minister ('agree in principle', 'not the right Bill', 'serious difficulties'), that a Tory backbencher, Tom Benyon, supported the Opposition and the amendment was passed. So now all free citizens may actually get the right to vote – free, that is, in the sense that they are not statutorily locked up in one of the three disqualifying institutions – prison, mental hospital and the House of Lords.

○

While mental patients were winning in Parliament, they were losing in the courts. Judge John Hopkin was able to put an indefinite ban on the story of brutality against patients at Rampton Special Hospital, because of a clause quietly slipped into the Contempt of Court Bill last year, making secret justice rather easier. We could have done with the information in the House of Commons, since we are legislating new rules for Rampton at the moment. I'm not suggesting the judge was deliberately trying to keep Parliament in the dark – it was just one of those coincidences which happen rather too often in England. I hope David Leigh and the *Observer* get the decision reversed.

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One last word about mental patients, because it brings me to Dr David Owen. It is they, I suspect, who are the chief beneficiaries of his translation from neuro-psychiatry to Parliament 16 years ago. He's a passionate advocate of electro-convulsive therapy and once declared that he would plug his own wife into the mains if she got too depressed.

By the time you read this, you'll know whether he's won or not; he seems very excited at the prospect. If he does win, I don't rate his chances of success very highly. Trying to break the mould and lobotomise the Labour Party is one thing; working out with the other boy David who's going to be king of the Alliance castle will be quite impossible. The Liberals are genuine nonconformists; the Social Democrats deserve to be led by a psychiatrist. Deep down, they want to make us all like them, and eradicate deviancy from Britain.

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I don't know whether the Queen realises it, but making ex-King Constantine godparent to the grandchild will be seen by the Greek government as a calculated insult. I realise he's a sort of cousin to the family, but the suspicion still lurks that it's all part of a political ploy to ease him back to Greece one day. Explaining why the Labour Party tolerates the Royal Family is the most difficult task I have encountered in interpreting English socialism to my friends in PASOK.

The truth is that the Labour Party has a long way to go before it is regarded as intellectually serious by most continental socialist parties; that's why I applaud James Cubitt and the Mortimer Labour Party for their 'socialist day' in deepest Berkshire last Saturday. Listening to Theodore Staphis, the PASOK MP for Larissa, explaining the objectives of Papandreou's government, made me wish that all CLPs could spend just a little more time studying socialism abroad and a little less examining their own navels.

○

A few Tories abstained on Monday, when the Commons gave the go-ahead for the Arunbridge monstrosity at Vauxhall Cross – upstream from Parliament on the other side of the Thames. Heseltine used a piece of small print – a Special Development Order – to cut through planning enquiries; this has only been used in the past for public purposes – new towns, national parks and the like. To use it for the benefit of a private company – especially one owned by the Kuwaiti Royal Family – is as pure a piece of Heseltinian Toryism as this government has come up with so far.

Spike Milligan summed it up when he said the design had about as much charisma as an out-of-order telephone box. It's terrible to admit it, but the only hope now is the Tories and House of Lords. Many of them will object not just because it will pollute the view from their windows; they have always relished their role as the last bastion against the philistine, tradesman elements in a Conservative Party they hardly recognise any longer.

ROGER WODDIS

A time to dance

'The start of the Geneva gavotte' – headline to a Guardian *leader on the strategic arms reduction talks.*

When onlookers started slow-clapping,
We had to break into a trot;
And what was a waltz in Vienna
Is now the Geneva gavotte.

The band has been hired for the session,
So let's face the music and dance –
But which of us means to go backwards,
And who is the one to advance?

With every sharp change in your tempo,
My nervous anxiety grows:
If only you'd be more supportive,
I'd try not to step on your toes.

It's foolish to hope, when it's over,
For strength that we had at the START;
The more we seem closer together,
The more we are further apart.

The day that you're scared to go forward,
And I am prepared to retreat,
Ah, then, that will be the occasion
For people to dance in the street!

THIS ENGLAND

£3 book token for entries printed (on postcards, please).

☐ A Mold peace group has been banned from taking part in next week's town festival. The Round Table chairman, Mr David Pearse, said the peace group would not blend with the carnival atmosphere. 'The Round Table met on Monday night and decided the peace movement didn't tie in with the carnival day, which is an outing for children and families,' he said. – *Chester Chronicle* (M. Spindler)

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LETTERS

Show your colours

Frank Field MP, House of Commons, London SW1

Many readers will have found your leader 'Politics without principles' (*NS* 25 June) difficult to follow as you confuse the issue of Labour's long-term decline and the more immediate impact Militant has had in reducing still further Labour's support.

A leader which calls for a debate on how best Labour can reverse its long-term decline would be welcome. How can we begin to get new groups of voters putting their crosses against the names of Labour candidates and are we developing policies which aim to do this, while at the same time furthering the long-term objectives of the Movement? These are just two of the questions we need to consider. Dealing with Militant is a different issue, although it is bound up with the spectacular drop in Labour's support over the past year or so.

What you didn't say in your leader is what the NEC should do in respect of Militant. Do you advocate a policy which allows any group to join the Party, whatever the means they wish to pursue to achieve their objectives? If not, where do you think the NEC went wrong in protecting the Party from a group which I believe is a party within a party, and therefore in breach of the Constitution?

You are right in observing that the report to the NEC 'offers little evidence for (its) conclusion and no argument about the principles on which it is based'. That is why it is important for the NEC to publish all the evidence on which the report's conclusion was based. It should also publish how the inquiry was conducted and what specific information was asked from Militant itself.

I believe the NEC is right to endorse the report, although some may argue that I am getting the issue out of perspective. But it is because I do now come from an area where many Labour parties have been overrun and destroyed by Militant that I think the NEC action is long overdue. In the next election we may well lose seats in Merseyside if Militant candidates are allowed to hide behind the Labour colours, and a 20 per cent unemployment rate won't save those Militant candidates.

I also believe that Militant's politics – which aim to show parliamentary means to socialism can't work – will be ruthlessly exposed in a general election, and what's left of our vote in other parts of the country will diminish still further as polling day approaches. I see nothing inconsistent in holding this view and accepting the gist of your leader that Militant has the influence it does only because Labour is no longer a mass party.

That said, you offer precious little constructive advice. The *New Statesman* ought to wake up to the fact that we have long passed the era when it can smugly nail its colours to a fence.

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Silly talk

Christopher Slater, Camilla House, Church Road, Sunningdale, Berks.

It really is extraordinary that William Boyd (*NS* 25 June) should pronounce on the grammar of his fellow English speakers with such confident ignorance.

He claims that such phrases as 'He done well' (used by a footballer on TV) are 'blunders of the most elementary sort' and asks why 'the simplest irregular verbs can't be mastered by our native speakers'. Is he not aware that the English language is made up of a variety of dialects and that what distinguishes one dialect from another is precisely that they differ significantly in grammar and vocabulary? Has he never noticed (what circles do *New Statesman* writers move in?) that probably the majority of native English speakers would say 'he done well' rather than 'he did well'? This and his other examples are not 'blunders' but simply grammatical forms of non-standard English dialects learned by the speakers, like all basic English grammar, in the early years of life from the English adults among whom they grew up.

Of course some speakers of non-standard dialects go on to add standard English dialect to their spoken repertoire; others (like Boyd?) find one spoken dialect adequate to their social needs. Some may consciously decide *not* to alter the dialect of their class and region when they appear on TV precisely to challenge the class-based prejudices about language that underline the attitudes of people like your reviewer.

Might one suggest that some informed discussion of the relationship between language and class in Britain today and the inequalities that result would be a suitable topic for future issues of a socialist journal like the *New Statesman?*

Who's divided?

Amina, Black Women's Centre, 41a Stockwell Green, London SW9

Your publication (*NS* 18 June) of Claudine Booth's misleading report on the 4th National Black Women's Conference fulfils the black community's worst suspicions of even the supposedly progressive white media as both divisive and racist in their selection and portrayal of material concerning us.

The National Black Women's Conferences are open to all black women who wish to attend, and thus attract a wide spectrum of women with correspondingly diverse opinions. To portray this intellectual and political diversity as 'division' is not only misleading but retrogressive, although it does get one published.

As an active participant in both the preparation and the day's events and discussions, I would also like to criticise Ms Booth for trying to create in order to report. In this instance I refer to her attempts to turn productive discussion at the conference into a fracas. Happily she failed and was reminded of manners, although this evidently did not prevent her reporting, falsely, that the conference was 'divided'.

I would also like to clear up a political confusion reflected in this misreport; socialism, feminism and blackness are not all mutually exclusive. As one of a number of black socialist feminists at the conference, I can only suggest that she does some research into socialism, feminism and black politics before confusing the public.

On a more factual level, several other corrections demand to be made. Firstly, black women's groups have existed in this country since the early 70s, if not before, and did not 'spring up' after the uprisings of '81, as the reporter would have you believe. Secondly, 'Sexuality' was only *one* of seven workshops held in the course of the day. Thirdly, the guidelines for the Black Feminism workshop were circulated by the conference planning committee, and not 'the feminists' as stated in the report. Furthermore, these guidelines merely suggested areas for discussion, and did not dictate that 'sexual oppression' was the 'priority' for black women.

Finally, OWAAD* has never 'hoped to provide leadership', since it is, as was mentioned, an umbrella, and not an organisation with the autonomy or hierarchical structures that would be necessary to facilitate any hopes of 'leadership' – which in any case would be against the basic principles of OWAAD.

*Organisation of Women of African & Asian Descent

THANKING YOU . . .

Response to our readership questionnaire (*NS* 28 May) has been exceptionally high, with 7,000 questionnaires returned so far. That is about 20 per cent of our circulation – a higher response than for many of our past questionnaires.

We are most grateful to all of you who replied, especially those who added comments and criticisms. A summary of findings will be published later this summer. They have been most helpful to us.

If you have not yet returned your questionnaire and wish it to be entered for the £1,000 prize draw, please return it by 9 July. The draw winners will be announced in our issue dated 16 July.

Hugh Stephenson

Omission

A line was inadvertently omitted from last week's poem, 'Demijohn'. After the line

'But if one lifts a flowing glass,'

the next line should have read

'It's not to toast the ruling-class.'

Apologies to Roger Woddis.

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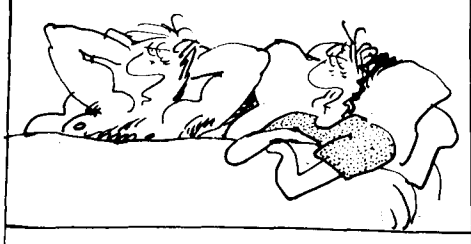
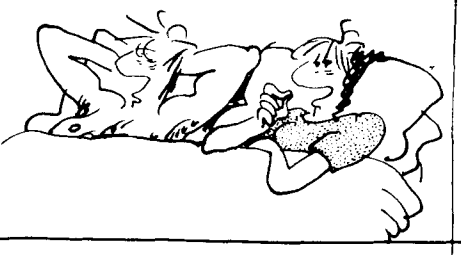
BRETECHER

STABLE RELATIONSHIP

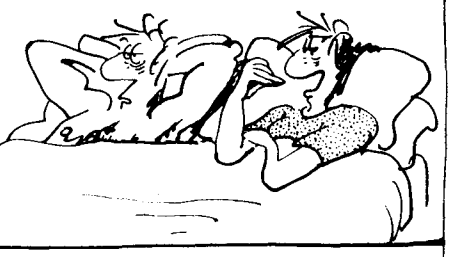
Sometimes I wonder how you can stand being with such a wreck as me



the biggest manic depressive of the Century, a complete and utter schizo

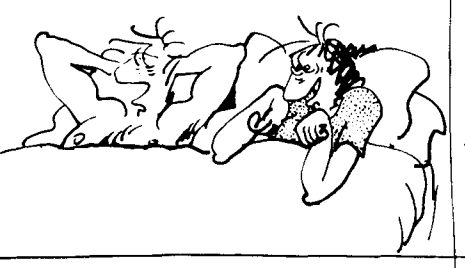


at times I feel so turned in on myself, so cheyed up inside



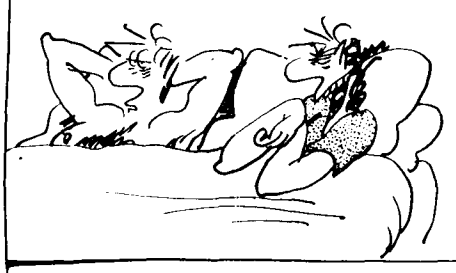
it's as if inside my head one half of me is screaming while the other tries to carry on normally

there's no way the normal half can block out the screaming, it just goes on

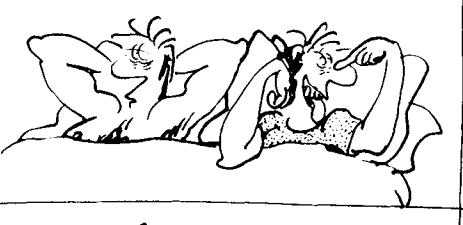


Sometimes it stops and I think peace at last and then it starts again louder and longer than before

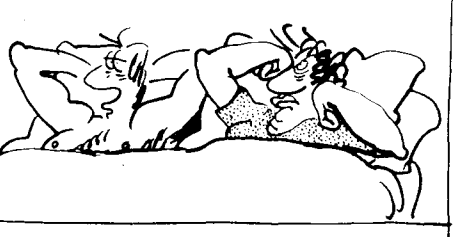
at the same time I feel a sense of isolation and existential misery you can't imagine



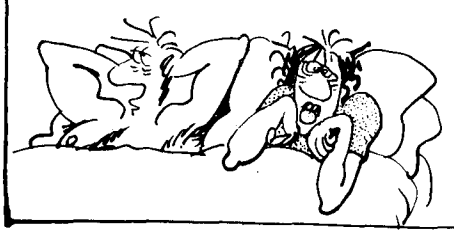
one side always in conflict and the other wondering why



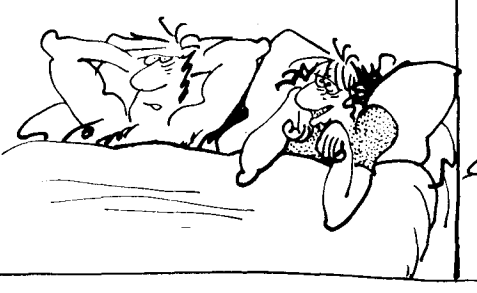
it's all tied up with my Creative block, it's my problem no-one else can help



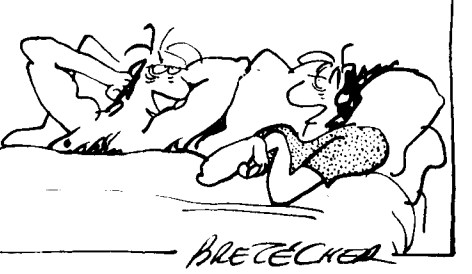
I'm a suicidal madman who's walking a tightrope



if I lived alone I know I would just see-saw from one moment to the next



maybe you're my balancing pole



BRETECHER

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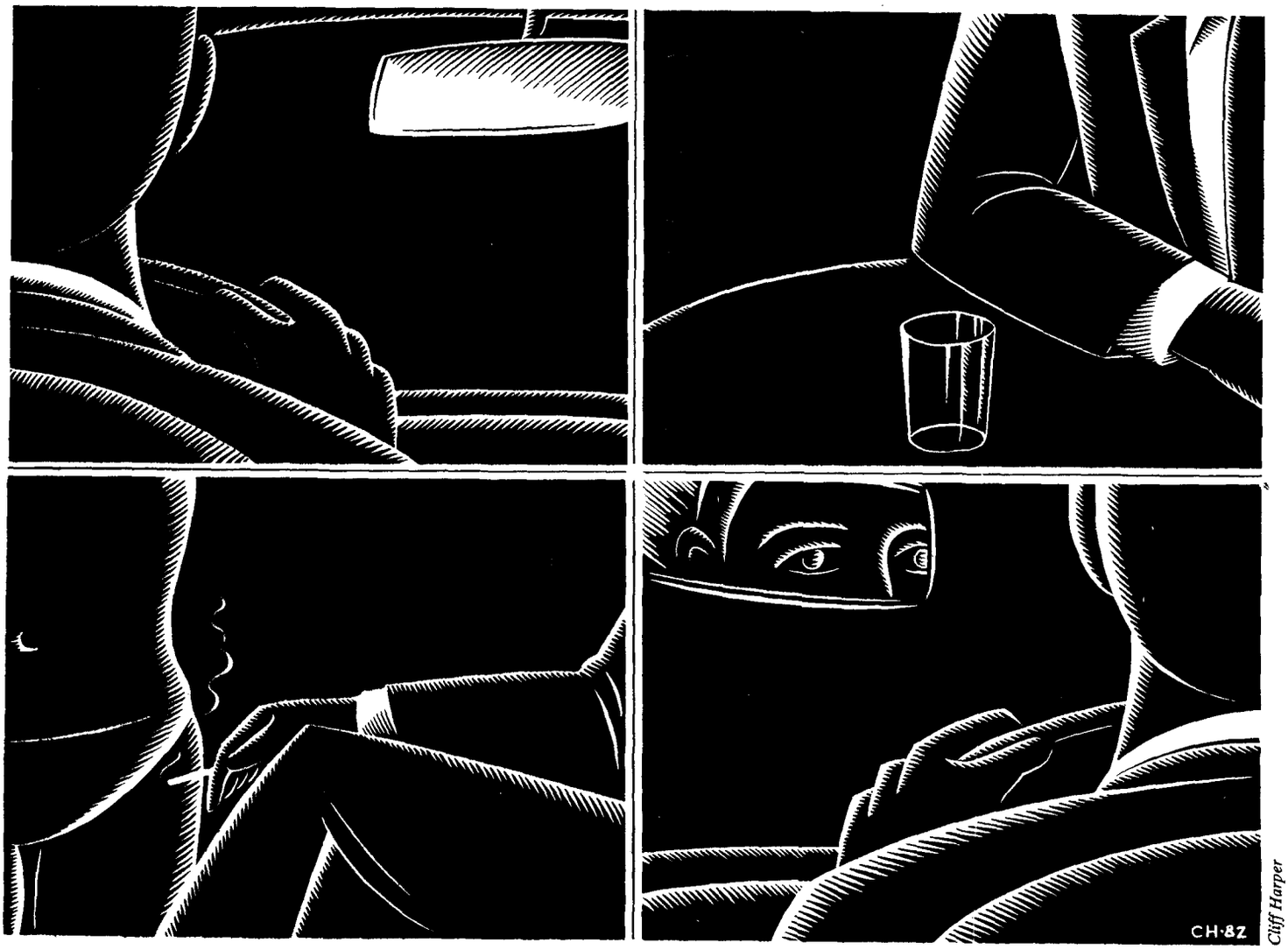

Cliff Harper

The writer who liked Hollywood

by
JULIAN BARNES

THE REAR window of the Hertz courtesy wagon was a fish-eye lens. Alan gazed down the aisle and smiled at its miraculous effect. It bent angles and compressed perspective, reconstructing what was behind them into a more or less flat plane. You could see almost at right angles: the edge of the window contained the boot of a car whose bonnet-mascot was simultaneously at Alan's elbow. He looked away a few times, then glanced back; but the window always gave him the same nudge of surprise.

'Pretty useful,' he remarked to the driver as he was getting out.

'Sure is.' She parted with a commercial smile. 'Can almost read my own tags. Mind how you go now,' she added, despite the fact that Alan was a youngish man of athletic build, and seemed quite confident about his descent.

He left the air-conditioned calm of the courtesy wagon and followed a yellow-suited bellboy across to the Corsair. He played with the automatic gearshift for a moment, glanced in the mirror at the banal perspective offered by his own rear window, and set off cautiously down the airport approach road. Back in London Hilary still had an hour to go before the alarm; unless Claire had woken early and started grizzling.

He liked Hollywood, as he'd known he would. The district wasn't grand at all; it felt familiar, like a small, middle-class, low-rise Mexican suburb. People watered their front lawns a lot and closed their car doors quietly at night. He asked some of them to direct him to the branch of Schwabs where Lana Turner had been discovered, but no one could remember which it was. His neighbours largely ignored the local industry; they preferred to stay at home and wait for the movies to come to them.

He liked the film people too. In the old days, he guessed, he would have been chauffeured from the airport in a studio limousine, welcomed like a prince, and then treated like shit. Now, he found his own way in a Hertz car, was welcomed as a professional, and was treated like an intelligent man paying off a British mortgage. He mentioned this contrast to Bert Zoller, his script editor, a quiet, neat man, a Baptist and temporary friend.

'Don't you believe it,' said Bert. 'That old Fitzgerald line was all self-pity. Hollywood never destroyed writers. It just gave them the chance to destroy themselves if that was what they were into. Then they needed someone to blame it all on and they decided it was the business's fault.'

'I thought they weren't very well paid.'

'They were better paid than they would have been for writing books. Sure, there may have been a few abuses; but then, who said the public went to the movies because of the writers? I mean, that wasn't an easy truth for those guys to swallow, but they were strictly number 27. The smart ones knew how to play it. They took the money and ran. Faulkner did OK, and that fellow of yours, Huxley. The ones who blew it were out looking to blow it. The business

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was just too busy to put them in diapers first.'

Alan didn't have the knowledge to argue. Hollywood, he decided easily, was a place for hard work and virtue. As long as the film company – and Bert Zoller in particular – liked his stuff, who was he to care about the past? Besides, everyone was more professional now. He was nearly a third of the way through his final draft. He worked every morning at the apartment, in that dogged but only half-conscious way of his: superstitious about his writing, he liked to surprise himself by actually completing it. At one o'clock he would drive to a line of freeway diners on Santa Monica: Denny's, Farm Boy, Doggy Diner, Sambo's, Bob's Big Boy. He sat at the counter before unvarying food and next to unvarying conversations. After lunch he would drive slowly to the studio, tuned to country-and-western.

Love is like a faraway radio station
And you are my favorite sound . . .

He wrote letters home every week, and sent a telegram once, for his mother's birthday. Hilary agreed that they should only telephone in emergencies.

He went to parties whenever invited. Not everyone, he was relieved to note, wore batik kaftans and expected to have their noses tamped full of cocaine on arrival. Wholefood canapés and glasses of Dr Pepper were more usual. Some guests actually wore ties. Perhaps the parties were even a little dull, he decided; almost too English for his taste.

Except that at one of them he met Linda, who told him a Polish joke. A Polish-Hollywood joke, to be precise. 'There's this famous Polish actress,' she began, flicking her long dark hair off her face, 'who comes to Hollywood. Big star, red-carpet treatment, firework reception. Lots of publicity – new Garbo, and so on. Very ambitious, of course. Know what she does when she gets to the studio? She fucks the writer.'

Alan laughed. That was a bit less like England.

They separated, then met a couple of drinks later. She was a wardrobe librarian from one of the larger studios and had borrowed her black taffeta dress from work. She was pretty in a muscular way, Alan thought, though he didn't find her attractive; or rather, he didn't ask himself if that was a relevant question. He told her about the film he was writing: its theme was courage, and the plot turned on the precise moment when bravery was triggered. What makes a peaceful man courageous? Is it possible to find out? Does he even know himself? Can you quantify courage?

He also told her that he was staying for a couple of months, that he was married with a baby, that his wife wasn't coming out to join him.

'Take me to lunch tomorrow,' she suddenly proposed.

'All right.' The response came mainly from politeness.

The next day, perhaps because he had largely forgotten her, but also because he felt vaguely affronted by her directness, he took her to the Doggy Diner. Having made the gesture, he found himself apologising.

'It's just that I like fast food.'

'So do I. Only for Christ's sake don't say it reminds you of Edward Hopper.'

'It doesn't.'

'Good.'

They sat side by side at the counter, eavesdropping on each other's private remarks, rather than conversing. It was less of a strain; it was also, in a curious way, more intimate.

They talked about the usual things: the fires in the hills, the Vegas air crash, other people's disasters. Three evenings later, to his surprise, Alan found himself having supper in Linda's Westwood apartment. He praised her Chinese cooking.

'It's carry-out.'

Alan laughed. Revenge for taking her to the Doggy Diner. Or maybe she thought he didn't like real food.

'I don't like to cook if I'm going to make love later.'

'Ah.' He hoped Linda's boyfriend didn't mind him having supper here. He'd leave early. Then he thought, Uh. Uh-huh. He looked up at her. Who writes the scripts around here, he thought to himself. She was smiling.

'You British,' she murmured with a worldly shake of the head.

'You mean you mean *me?*'

Linda pretended to glance under the table for alternatives.

'Don't let me twist your arm,' she said, friendly and ironic.

'I suppose . . . I *suppose* I don't believe in . . . whatever you call it?' The word lay unspoken between them, but she picked it up.

'Big word.'

'Big thing.'

'Abroad doesn't count,' she said lightly.

She cleared the table and went off into the kitchen; she returned from a different direction, carrying a dictionary.

'Sexual intercourse of two people of opposite sex, where one (or both) is married to someone else.'

'Yup.'

'So if you went with a fag it wouldn't count?'

'That would be a strange sort of virtue,' he replied.

She came across, laid the dictionary on the table and bent slowly towards him. As she moved in for a kiss, he didn't back away, nor did he stretch forwards: that too was a strange sort of virtue, he reflected. She kissed him with a slightly open mouth. He let her do it, while still holding firmly on to the handle of his coffee cup. After a minute or so the cup began to rattle on the saucer.

She straightened away from him and gathered up the dictionary.

'Does that count?' she asked playfully. He didn't reply. Instead, he reached into his pocket for the car keys.

Two days later she gave him another carry-out dinner. Her backless dress informed him that she wasn't wearing a bra. When she return from the kitchen with their coffee her left breast was exposed. She laid his cup down in front of him and stood there. Her breast was just at eye-level.

'Is this adultery?' she asked, not aggressively. He couldn't guess how far she was mocking him; couldn't tell where he was on a scale from erotic tease to asexual contempt. Because there was something in the frankness of the gesture which struck him as asexual. Was she toying with him? Or was he, by not responding, toying with her? They sat over coffee discussing the latest string of burglaries in Beverly Hills. It was only when she had eased her breast away that they reverted to dictionary matters. Definitions, precisions, authorities. He felt excited by his own uncertainties. He wanted to say that adultery seemed absolute to him. But the word absolute sounded ridiculous; it made him think of Latin, and ablative absolutes. Ablative, *by, with* or *from*. He couldn't remember what an ablative absolute was any more. Was it like a dangling participle? How idealistic the Latin sounded; how grubby the English.

The next evening she ate her carry-out wearing only panties. He realised that he had no sense of Linda's character at all. He wondered if that mattered. Being abroad made him feel passive, almost incurious.

'Are we having an affair yet?' she asked. He didn't reply. 'Enough of these dinners and I could starve you into submission if you don't look out.'

The next evening Alan took his own contribution along to supper: two tubs of ice cream bought from the Humphrey Yogart van on the boardwalk at Venice Beach. Later, swabbing her palm with a Kleenex, Linda commented,

'We still haven't done it yet.'

He seemed to get rather less work done in the mornings now. Step by step, he told himself reassuringly, that was the rule; then you got to the end without noticing. But he found he looked forward to the Doggy Diner less as a reward than as an escape; also, as somewhere to go on the way to the evening. Bert Zoller remained as friendly as ever, though there were fewer encouraging comments on his script. Still, the middle was always the part the studio was most impatient about. Naturally, they wanted to get to the end. Like everybody else.

The next evening, after dinner, she looked up past his chest and whispered, 'Was that adultery?' Her cheek was against his stomach.

'No.'

'I didn't think so either.'

The next evening, as soon as he arrived, she took him into the bedroom and they made love. It seemed at the same time inevitable and frivolous. If you repeat a word over and over again it ends up as merely a sound drained of meaning. Perhaps, Alan wondered, you could do the same with an idea, a cultural principle, or even your most strongly held belief.

This time, there were no more questions. They talked about his script. Does a brave man know when he has been brave, Alan asked himself and her; or does he just know that he hasn't been cowardly? Driving back, he reflected that it hadn't seemed a quantum leap after all. One step at a

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time, like writing a script. Abroad doesn't count. Or was it not thinking about it that made it not count?

During his final month the routine continued: work, Doggy Diner, the studio, Linda. Everyone continued to be nice to him. This niceness gave him a sense of freedom he only partly understood. He hated weekends, when the studio was shut and Linda sometimes without explanation went away. Occasionally there was a party; but there didn't seem much point in parties any more. His letters to Hilary became shorter, though just as affectionate. Her letters spoke of calm times and answered questions he hadn't asked.

The day after he delivered the final pages of the script he went in to see Bert Zoller.

'Alan,' his temporary friend told him. 'We like this script. We like it a lot. We think we can really go somewhere from here.'

'Good. I was quite pleased with it myself.'

'We feel there isn't too far to go before we'll have something we can think about shooting with.'

'Ah.' They wanted changes. 'Of course. Only too willing.' The apartment, the Doggy Diner, Linda. More. Another few weeks. More. More. Telegram to Hilary.

'We appreciate the offer, naturally, Alan; but maybe a fresh eye would be best. Just to gussy up the edges a bit. Nothing much. It's nearly all there.'

'If you think so.' He was being sacked. He'd worked his contract, they'd said they liked his stuff, and he was being sacked. Some tame gag-writer would be brought in to filch his best lines and grab the credit. They told him Clause 6b would have to operate. Clause 6b said that only 60 per cent of his fee was payable if a rewrite was needed. He merely repeated, 'I'm sure you know best.'

Bert Zoller gave a small farewell dinner party. At ten, Alan left, rather brusquely, claiming he still had his packing to do. He drove quickly to Westwood for a second skimped meal. As he and Linda made love, he thought about the flight home. Afterwards there wasn't much to say; they had run out of other people's disasters to discuss. She asked when his film would be released. He didn't know; besides, it didn't feel like his film any more. At twelve he left quickly, claiming that he still had his packing to do. He scribbled a false address on the telephone pad she passed him. A small lie which made him feel virtuous. A strange sort of virtue, admittedly.

At Heathrow he passed through the Green Channel and rattled his trolley in wonky curve towards Hilary. He had bought her a leather belt from a shop called The Marquis de Suede, and he hoped she liked it. He was very pleased to see her. She looked exactly as he'd remembered.

As they headed down the motorway, her hand on his thigh, she said,

'You don't seem to have changed, darling.'

He glanced in the rear-view mirror. The view was literal, the traffic calm. He could see his own left eye.

'It's all very much as you might expect,' he replied. □

BIOGRAPHY: Robert Hutchison

On his travels

Koestler by IAIN HAMILTON *Secker* £12

Iain Hamilton's interim portrait is valuable in at least two respects: it provides some useful summaries of Koestler's intellectual and political achievements and it sends one scurrying back to some of Koestler's more than two dozen books. And what a bottomless mine of rich and strange treasure they are! Koestler has been extending his intellectual reach for more than half a century and has long been involved in the exploration of meta-worlds, extra-sensory perception for example, and pharmacological openings of the doors of perception. Shifting world-views have been his stock-in-trade; behaviourism, Darwinism and positivism recurring targets for his invective.

Hamilton did well to win the co-operation of the passionate polymath for a biography. He had access to a revealing set of letters written by Koestler's second wife Mamaine Paget to her twin sister Celia between 1944 and 1954 and has drawn heavily on these as well as on Koestler's own autobiographies.

But Hamilton is no match for the seriousness of his subject. He makes no attempt to disguise his own right-wing prejudices which surface repeatedly in an irritatingly chatty fashion. So he fails to come to terms with the depth of Marxism's appeal to many intellectuals in the 1930s, at the same time as he accepts Koestler's own accounts of his early escapades too much at their face value. Koestler's first four decades were nothing if not dramatic, and littered with coincidences. Having attempted suicide before he was 30 (he was saved by a book falling on his head as he lay in front of a gas tap), he was imprisoned in Spain, France and England before he was 40. We are told a good deal about his drinking bouts and his Parisian friendships in the 1930s and 1940s, but little about his last 20 years; the end of the book is in summary form because the author admits to being out of sympathy with Koestler's more recent probings in psychology.

And there are further imbalances: curiously the Snow/Leavis 'two cultures' debate gets considerable coverage, largely, it would appear, because Hamilton published much of it when editing the *Spectator* 20 years ago. But Hamilton's journalistic strengths are well deployed in recalling and recording Koestler's numerous post-war political interventions. He was the crucial figure both in the National Campaign for the Abolition of Capital Punishment and in the setting up of the Congress for Cultural Freedom. And Koestler as Zionist was important at a key moment in Israel's history. A widely syndicated article by Koestler in 1948 'was undoubtedly effective in persuading Ben Gurion and his colleagues to moderate their attitude towards Menachem Begin and so consequently in making it possible for him to speed up the dissolution of the Irgun and the full incorporation of all its armed forces in the national army'

The implications of Koestler's insistence that all the creative activities of man are based on a common pattern have scarcely begun to be fully explored; and there is no end in sight to the necessary quarrel between commissars and yogis, a quarrel that has found one of its more interesting expressions in Koestler's own personality. Though he reports Koestler as saying 'I want to die a satisfied agnostic', Iain Hamilton believes him to be a deeply religious man. Certainly much of Koestler's quest has been mystical and metaphysical. Is his long journey taking him from darkness at noon to light at midnight? □

Duncan Forbes

The other woman

'I thought you were the milkman.
I was going to pay next week.'
'Well, may I come in? It's freezing.
I've brought back Alan's book.'
I covet their central heating
And the warmth of her physique.

Alan is out with the children,
And she tells me where. I know.
Moves as much as phrasing
Are all-important now.
She and I are sitting
Almost toe to toe.

Would I like some coffee?
If I say 'Afterwards, yes,'
At worst she can beg my pardon
Or smack me on the face.
The truth is that she whispers
'All I have on is my dress.'

But afterwards on the fluffy
Pelt of the fireside rug,
Should it be glowing carbon
Or lichen singed on a log
That I watch, as she brings me slippers;
Then coffee stirred in a mug?

Framed photos of my children
Smile but cannot tell,
And so to save you guessing
I may as well reveal
That I dreamt up the setting
And most of its personnel.

Alan's book, the milkman,
Weren't they a give-away?
And such salacious treason,
It had to be a lie.
Or am I in her play-acting
An equally easy lay?

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FICTION: Stephen Brook

Subversives

The Natural Order by URSULA BENTLEY *Secker* £7.50
Flashman and the Redskins by GEORGE MACDONALD FRASER *Collins* £7.95
Pélagie-la-Charrette by ANTONINE MAILLET *John Calder* £6.95

Three women from suburban London ('daughters of Southern Region'), friends from schooldays, join forces again as staff at a boys' school in outer Manchester. Damaris is an intense musician 'who spends long hours seeing the skull beneath the skin'; Carlo, the narrator, wise-cracks her way through the blackboard jungle; while inoffensive Anne is 'burnt out at twelve . . . a kind of earthing device down which excesses were sloughed off'. Ursula Bentley portrays with charm and ferocity the life of the school, which is unexpectedly blessed with the presence of the devastatingly handsome and gifted sixth-former Shackleton, who suavely disrupts the lives of his elders and betters.

More conventionally subversive are the juvenile delinquents who populate the school.

> Cod had developed a protective instinct where I was concerned. If any boy became more than usually disruptive he would rise from his seat, cross the room, pick up the offender by the scruff of the neck, shake him and say, for example, 'You shut your fucking hole while Miss is reading her bleeding pome or I'll smash your face in.' Then he would turn to me with the air of a plumber who has fixed a leaking gasket, 'It's all right now, Miss. You can carry on now.'

The Natural Order is extremely funny, with a humour that's wry, deft and witty. If Ursula Bentley, like Peter De Vries, occasionally deploys a quip because it's too good to waste, that's a forgiveable vice. She also knows how to control a diverse and neatly characterised cast, and the novel is beautifully paced. She understands the subterfuges people employ to hide their feelings and to deflect unwelcome attention. The novel is full of rows – deriving from misunderstanding, flat-sharing, petulance, lust, pride – and they are especially convincing as they shift from banter to insult to recrimination, the outcome constantly in doubt. Beneath the glittering surface of *The Natural Order* is a keen sense of pain and frustration.

There's only one memoirist who would describe himself cheerfully as 'the decorated hero and cowardly venal scoundrel who never had a decent feeling in all his scandalous, lecherous life'. It's General Sir Harry Flashman, VC, of course, who, halfway through his seventh volume of memoirs, unearthed by the indefatigable Mr Fraser, has already been 'laid out four times, married twice, shot twice (both from behind), blown up, chased for my life more often than I cared to remember . . .'

The splendid joke that courses through all the Flashman books is that this rogue earns and augments his hero's reputation by accident and misadventure. This self-professed coward is redeemed by his style. When, to his own horror, he is thrust into a prominent role in history, it's because his bearing suggests he ought to be there. Flashman is so open about his cynicism and caddishness that we are instantly disarmed. He observes, 'There's no sight more inspiring or heart-warming than troops marching out to battle when you ain't going with them,' a reflection the *Sun* might like to ponder.

Perhaps the Flashman books have become formulaic, but the formula remains sound. For Flashman invariably finds himself participating in some of the great political and military adventures of the last century. Fraser's skill is to infiltrate his hero into the heart of any action, thus providing fresh perspectives on major historical events. In **Flashman and the Redskins** the villain makes the great 1849 trek across the American West, leading a wagon-train containing his latest wife and the complete contents, human and inanimate, of the brothel she operates. After numerous adventures and double-crossings, our hero does a spell as son-in-law of the mighty Apache warrior Mangas Colorado. Later, Flashman emerges as the sole survivor of the Battle of Little Bighorn.

The formula works, but not as well as in earlier volumes. *Redskins* is far too long, and there are many pages of padding. At his best, Fraser can give us brilliant set pieces of description, but in this book they are mostly lacklustre. For instance, Flashman's account of a White House dinner with Ulysses Grant pales beside the richly funny passage about life at Balmoral that opens *Flashman and the Great Game*. No Flashman book would be complete without improbable coincidences, but here the climactic encounters are clumsily handled, and that's an uncharacteristic failing. What *Redskins* lacks is a stronger political dimension. The previous volumes are drenched in political intrigue and Flashman's wits and resourcefulness are tested as much as his non-existent courage. Here the action remains very much at the level of picaresque.

In 1755 the British turfed out the French settlers of Nova Scotia and forced them to sail south down the American coast. **Pélagie-la-Charrette** chronicles the long return journey made by some Acadian families later in the century. The novel, sadly, is as laborious as the journey recounted. I suspect that the original French is colloquial and knotty, posing considerable problems for the translator Philip Stratford, who disgorges a prose that is often raucous and unreadable. Furthermore, all the characters appear to have the same name: Bélonie is not to be confused with Louis-à-Bélonie, nor Charles-Auguste with Charles-Auguste-à-Charles-Auguste-à-René.

The moment of return is moving, and there is a fine extended metaphor when the Mother Courage-like Pélagie stuffs into her apron pocket the Acadian language, legends and customs that constitute her heritage. A fine paragraph, however, does not a novel make. Perhaps in French its wiry language may justify the award of the 1979 Prix Goncourt, but in English it's hard going. □

Workforce reductions in undertakings:

Policies and measures for the protection of redundant workers in seven industrialised market economy countries

Edited by Edward Yemin

Individual experts in Canada, France, Federal Republic of Germany, Italy, Japan, the U.K. and the U.S. were invited by the ILO to describe policies and measures applied in their respective countries for the protection of workers affected by workforce reductions and their papers are set out here. What is being done, and what can be done to protect workers who lose their jobs through being declared redundant, is reviewed here together with a comparative survey of legislative and other measures for their protection.

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Industries in trouble

by Robert Plant

This book deals with the problems of 'structural' unemployment, which arises when an industry finds itself in difficulties because of technological developments or some basic change in the demands for its products. It looks into this problem in a number of badly hit industries and suggests responses to the challenge of adjusting to the new technologies and changing population patterns.

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New technologies:

Their impact on employment and the working environment

A selection of articles published in the quarterly ILO *Social and Labour Bulletin*. They deal with the repercussions of information technology on the protection of privacy, industrial relations, collective agreements, working conditions, occupational safety and health (especially work with visual display units), employment, training and qualifications as well as government policies.

ISBN 92-2-102975-1 £5.70

Employment opportunities and equity in a changing economy: Egypt in the 1980s

A labour market approach

by B. Hansen and S. Radwan

Egypt is a country in rapid transition, where a chronic labour surplus appears to have been replaced by an acute labour shortage within a few years. This is the report of an ILO comprehensive employment strategy mission to Egypt, which studied the employment problem in its various aspects and proposed measures for its alleviation. It focuses on the effects of recent developments on employment and equity, and attempts to provide some alternative policy options for future development. Its main recommendation is that the planning process in Egypt should aim at creating a hedge against possible external shocks, especially as these affect the poorer and more vulnerable groups.

ISBN 92-2-102995-6 (hard) £12.85
ISBN 92-2-102996-4 (limp) £10

Employment, trade and North-South cooperation

Edited by G. Renshaw, with a preface by Francis Blanchard

The current trend towards protectionism in Northern countries is threatening the benefits that might be expected to result from the two-way flow of trade in manufactured goods between North and South. This study looks into this and other problems and the responses being made to them by four Northern countries (France, Federal Republic of Germany, Netherlands and United Kingdom) in four industrial sectors: textiles and clothing, leather and footwear, motor cars, and machine tools.

ISBN 92-2-102530-6 (hard) £10.70
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Shorter reviews

Disarming Europe edited by MARY KALDOR & DAN SMITH *Merlin Press* £3.60
How to Get Rid of the Bomb: A Peace Action Handbook by GAVIN SCOTT *Fontana* £1.95

If the disarmament movement is to consolidate its place in political debate, it must challenge the defence establishment on its own ground. Its critical analyses must be expertly informed, and it must begin to offer an alternative definition of security. The papers printed in *Disarming Europe*, many of which originated at the END Peace Researchers' Conference of 1981, lay the foundations of this work. One is conscious, perhaps, that the grassroots movement's unequivocal refusal of nuclear weapons risks dilution when translated into more academic terms: expertise, even 'alternative' expertise, carries the danger of élitism and over-sophistication. But *Disarming Europe*, however one may dissent from one or two of its contributors, deserves no such guarded reception. Its diagnosis of the status quo is informed by welcome political and strategic incisiveness, and makes a necessary change from the mere chilling megaton- or warhead-counting which too often passes for analysis in this field. The constructive proposals in the book's second part, which includes valuable essays on neutralism and alternative defence, fulfil the editors' claims: they 'clarify the problems'. 'Together,' write Kaldor and Smith, 'we shall clarify the solutions.' The book is required reading for the well-informed disarmament activist.

How to Get Rid of the Bomb is a guide to influencing people through the channels of party politics, trade unions, churches and the like. It also contains advice on running a disarmament group. Scott greatly understates the cohesion and intransigence of the all-party nuclear establishment; he gives little sense of the optimism of the will with which the establishment's opponents are confronting it. But people looking for guidance in their first anti-nuclear steps, and drawn to the book by Gavin Scott's name, may find it useful and encouraging.

M. H. Ryle

On the Problem of Men: Two Feminist Conferences edited by SCARLET FRIEDMAN and ELIZABETH SARAH *The Women's Press* £4.95

An incidental amusement provided by this collection of papers is the realisation that our feminist theory is as stamped through and through with 'Made in Britain' as our food, our weather and our seaside resorts. The papers are taken from two conferences: a Women's Research and Resources Centre summer school, in 1979, on 'Heterosexuality, Couples and Parenthood' and a conference, in 1980, on 'The Women's Movement and Men'. From both, the message is the same. British feminists do not like flippancy, imaginative extravagance, academicism, or abstractions. So little, indeed, do they like the latter that American Betsy Ettorre's paper on 'The Perks of Male Power' is accompanied by an editorial warning that she approaches the issue 'solely from a theoretical viewpoint'.

This is not to say that a party whip has been cracked at the book's contributors. Most do belong to the radical/revolutionary end of the spectrum; many have roots in the social sciences and all are dismissive of 'original cause' speculation – but each speaks with a distinctive, provocative voice. On 'Rape', for example, there are two substantial, conflicting contributions. The first (from the London Rape Action Group) concludes with the metaphysical assertion that '*all* men are potential rapists'. (And all people are potential killers, but where the hell does that lead us?) Whereas the second, by Tina Hill, attempts a rather more useful analysis of the social/ideological conditions conducive to rape's legitimacy.

Of the other subjects covered by the papers, some, such as 'Pornography', have been written about at length – although Annabel Faraday does make a valuable distinction between the Festival of Light's objection to 'obscenity' and the feminist concern with sex-as-violence-as-oppression. More original are Sandra McNeill's unsympathetic, but astute dissection of the problem of trans-sexual men; Liz Stanley's critique of the male-structured gay liberation movement and Jo Sutton and Scarlet Freidman's assessment of the new 'men's movement'. Ranging from the dogmatic to the stumbling and apologetic, these papers are, inevitably, uneven. Nor, in spite of the conscious avoidance of academic elitism, will they talk to the housewife in the street. As an over-view of current British feminist theory and polemic, however, they are stimulating, irritating and invaluable.

Harriett Gilbert

Accounting for British Steel by R. A. BRYER, T. J. BRIGNALL & A. R. MAUNDERS *Gower* £15

In 1967, the British Steel Corporation was formed. Since then it has absorbed £7.6bn of taxpayer's money without any prospect of repaying it. However, some have benefited from the establishment of this public corporation: the former owners, who received £1.2bn in over-compensation; and the private sector buyers of steel, who benefited from the government control of steel prices which resulted in a revenue loss to BSC of £2,170m (figures in terms of 1979-values).

These are some of the conclusions of this detailed and penetrating assessment of BSC's record. The authors' analysis pieces together evidence assembled from material kept back from even a Select Committee of the House of Commons. This book therefore represents a considerable achievement in terms of detective work. It is all the more admirable because of its clear presentation of arguments and data usually used to mystify and confuse those who seek to understand managerial decisions.

This analysis of BSC shows that the loss of 120,000 jobs since 1967 was not mainly a result of market forces or the world recession. Rather, this 'is a book about bad decision making'. The decision-makers at fault were those responsible for setting up BSC, BSC's top management, the Treasury and (implicitly) the national leadership of the steel unions.

When hopelessly optimistic demand forecasts failed to materialise, there was no answer to the shock wave of closures and redundancies. BSC were able to keep open most of their preferred large plants. The strategy was never re-assessed, but only watered down, as the older, labour-intensive plants (such as Corby, Consett and Shotton) were closed, even though many were near-profitable. The steel unions leadership, bereft of an alternative, went along with all this, concerned only to ensure earlier consultation and greater awareness of 'social responsibility'. Jobs were lost, but the role of these leaders was not, for they were vitally 'involved' in managing decline. When an alternative was developed, it was a case of too little, too late. The union's alternative provided the basis for moral indignation, as self-evidently rational proposals were ignored, but not for mobilising steel workers. Local initiatives failed; lacking a national perspective, plant-based struggles were not coordinated and sectional interests undermined national support.

What lessons can be learnt? That the labour movement cannot preserve its interests by only struggling over wages and leaving management to manage. That management is quite capable of gross incompetence, underwritten by the state and concealed by control over information. That simply demanding more investment is not enough – BSC has had too much investment in the wrong processes at the wrong times. That public accountability requires access to information and the ability to use that information. That making use of alternative plans requires a challenge to the interests of private owners and different responsibilities for national union leaders and a large commitment of resources to carry out this level of research. That ownership of capital does not guarantee control – workers may occupy factories but they have to know what to do once they are in there. Unless such lessons are learnt, the debacle of BSC may all too easily be repeated.

Tony Manwaring

Political Graphics: Art as a Weapon by ROBERT PHILIPPE *Phaidon* £25

Political Graphics is a lavish book on a lavish scale: the illustrations (398, many in colour) are superb and some had me staring for a considerable time. Once started one can find politics entering art almost everywhere: woodcuts of Henry VIII of England depicting the king in all his splendour, seated on a prancing steed, 'vibrant with late-gothic dynamism, suggesting wealth, courage and vitality that at once invite recognition and admiration' were done in order to create a form of consensus, a 'popular image'. In other words, the king wanted to be liked.

Graphic art could not start until a method of duplicating pictures had been invented. This happened in the 15th century with the advent of the woodcut and has continued unabated to the present day. The area the book covers is therefore a wide one considering the virtual torrent of cartoons, posters and caricatures which have been produced in the last 200 years. *Political Graphics* whisks us through the centuries, barely pausing for breath amid the welter of colour and style.

In all such books, with so much space necessarily given to the image (and rightly so), the printed word must be the loser. It is a pity, therefore, that Robert Philippe's style contains many interesting and perhaps controversial statements which might, to the uninitiated, require explanation: 'World War I was really a civil war – an internal war', for instance. In other words, the book is at once too short and too long; such statements need to be presented at length or not at all.

It is also a pity that the book seems rather ill-thought-out at the end. After sections on such contemporary themes as peace, the right to life, racial equality, women, population and nature (which feature posters from, among others, the Martin Luther King Memorial Fund, the World Health Organisation and the RSPCA) we end with the Afterword by Steven Heller on American graphic commentary 1965-80 (based on *Political Art: Ten Years of Graphic Commentary 1970-80*, an exhibit produced by the American Institute of Graphic Arts), which gives a strange and skewed feel to the book. We begin with the concept of kingship and majesty in Mediaeval Europe. We finish with America (LBJ, Nixon and the Cold War). What an end to the story.

Vicky Hutchings

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SPORT: Adrianne Blue

Canonised

McEnroe: A Rage for Perfection by RICHARD EVANS *Sidgwick & Jackson* £7.50
Kenny Roberts: Okie, Racer, Philosopher, King by BARRY COLEMAN *Arthur Barker* £6.95

Here are two able exemplars of the new hagiography: lives of the muscular saints, not so much Augustine, as St John of the Cross, revealing the dark night of the true champion's soul. Both are authorised versions, written by knowledgeable, mannerly British journalists about very often blunt American sportsmen each of whose *bona fides* as superstar (super-being) is established quickly. Those loathsome on-court tirades by Superbrat are actually 'screams for justice', John McEnroe being 'driven by an inner rage for perfection the ordinary man cannot comprehend'. So awesome is the ability of motorcycle racer Kenny Roberts, thrice world champion, that he habitually 'side-stepped the ordinary world, and dispensed with the ordinary rules, the ones dealing with friction, momentum and gravity'.

Two, perhaps three generations ago, only cinema stars were accustomed to such plaudits. Then came the idols of rock. If you consider it, the advent of the professional sportsuperstar has some healthy implications; it lures accolytes into the open air instead of to dim, fuggy interiors. Gone are the picaresque saints of literature; long gone those of religion. But not forgotten. The reputations of these saints of popular culture will be far more transitory.

Young John is depicted as the quintessential tennis champion, like the others, but more so:

> Volatile, mercurial, physically and technically disciplined . . . and yet so emotionally wound up that an explosion of temperament can never be far from the surface – this is what tennis demands and this is what McEnroe has to offer. The two were made for each other.

Moreover, professional tennis is 'not a gentle game. Psychologically, it is vicious . . . even tougher and crueller than boxing.' No draw is allowed; time is never on your side. Ergo, so fine a player as McEnroe is entitled, at the least, to inflict verbal punches. It is a specious argument, vide Bjorn Borg, but exquisitely argued, and on occasion highly illuminating.

McEnroe's problems, it seems are mostly with British officialdom, and for very British reasons. In 1980, when McEnroe's father, in his capacity as manager of the then number two seed, requested an appointment with the chairman of the All England Club, 'any time, anywhere, at his own convenience' during the Wimbledon fortnight, he was told it was impossible, as Sir Brian was 'entertaining royalty'. Surely, this sort of Wimbledon deserves what it gets.

Elsewhere, we are told, McEnroe has ever been a credit: to his posh, proper school, to his upper-middle-class family, to his competitive country. Yes, the personality is flawed, says his biographer, but not the man's character. There is even a benediction from McEnroe's headmaster at the Manhattan equivalent of Westminster School. He was schooled for success, however, at the entirely serious Port Washington Tennis Academy, which he attended, mostly weekends and after school hours, from the age of eleven. No time-waster, this McEnroe.

Here, our stories diverge. Kenny Roberts has a hard-luck heritage. Socially, economically, geographically, he stems from parched John Steinbeck country. No headmaster's imprimatur here. Roberts was the shortest boy at his very ordinary high school, and the one least likely to succeed. Like McEnroe, though, he had a hard-driving mother and a father who was able to praise but unable to dominate, according to Richard Evans, the 'classical formula for a successful son'. Roberts' mother, who hoped he would be a jockey, gave in to his obsession with motorcycles only when wise men began to turn up with offerings of machinery and money.

Fully 13 years ago, Roberts, then but 17, signed a contract to race for the team of one of the Japanese-run, multi-nationally based manufacturers. He won often and well, but even in the exasperating years when the company was building virtually unraceable motorcycles, Roberts did not 'do the normal Western thing' and switch to a rival. 'Because it wasn't right, and slowly it began to dawn on the Japanese that here in this mischievous cowboy they had at last someone who appeared to think as they did.'

So, not only was the crusty Californian a good employee, he was a good Japanese employee, which to my mind is frightening, but not to Barry Coleman's. Indeed, Coleman takes Roberts exactly as he finds him, even devising a deft, gritty, colloquial prose in which to tell the engrossing story of Ken-san, an unlikely original.

If the Japanese found in Roberts a lamb, the reactionary Occidentals who run grand prix motorcycling found him to be a surly lion. Not only did he spearhead a riders' rebellion, his very secular aim being more money for himself and his colleagues, he also blew raspberries, and worse, into their faces. No diplomat, this Roberts.

Two naughty saints. Two extra-ordinary sportsmen. Two espousers of the credo of the new generation, which doesn't often say please, and which accepts authority, 'but only on merit'. 'A badge, a uniform and grey hair cannot command respect and obedience if the wearer is a fool.' □

Among this week's contributors:

JULIAN BARNES is television critic of the *Observer* and author of *Metroland* and *Before She Met Me* (published recently by Cape).

ROBERT HUTCHISON'S *The Politics of the Arts Council* was published by Sinclair Browne last week.

ADRIANNE BLUE writes about sport for the *Sunday Times* and *The Times*.

WILLIAM BOYD recently received a Somerset Maugham Award for his first novel, *A Good Man in Africa*.

MUSIC: Andrew Clements

Need unfilled

Shostakovich: The Man and his Music edited by CHRISTOPHER NORRIS *Lawrence & Wishart* £12.50

Thoroughly musical studies of Dmitri Shostakovich remain few. Compared with the flood of first-rate material already available to those interested in Britten's music, there is little for anyone wanting to get to grips with anything beyond the familiar symphonies and string quartets of his Soviet analogue. The publication in 1979 of Shostakovich's alleged memoirs under the title of *Testimony* served only to obscure careful consideration of his music.

This collection of essays is hardly likely to fill many gaps in our knowledge either. Most of the contributors get around the problems posed by *Testimony* by simply ignoring it; in his introduction the editor does his best to dismiss the book as 'yet another phase in the struggle to appropriate Shostakovich's music which has long been waged by ideologues of various colour'. There is little attempt to cover Shostakovich's enormous *oeuvre* anything like comprehensively; the symphonies, predictably, get reasonably detailed coverage, though Robert Dearling's discussion of the first 12 reads more like a tired set of programme notes than an attempt to find a new perspective. The last three symphonies are consigned to a separate chapter and separate author. Malcolm Macdonald discusses them in the context of the other late vocal works and, as well as including a useful recommendation for the neglected 'poem' *The Execution of Stepan Razin* (to a text by Yevtushenko), unfashionably favours the 13th symphony over the 14th; since the 14th symphony is regarded in many quarters as Shostakovich's masterpiece it is certainly an individual viewpoint.

It is curious, however, that there is no comparable essay on the string quartets; the projected author of such a study died, and no replacement was found. Two members of the Fitzwilliam Quartet contribute a fascinating account of working on the quartets and of interpreting his chamber music in general, yet, though it is one of the more valuable parts of the book, it is no substitute for a thorough examination of what are Shostakovich's most personal and profound works. Similarly, there is nothing on the concertos nor the wealth of songs, most of them practically unknown. Ronald Stevenson sketches in the piano music, and only Geoffrey Norris's chapter on the operas demonstrates how valuable this book could have been and what an opportunity has been lost. The discussion of Shostakovich in relation to British music and in relation to Soviet politics and society is even less satisfactory. There is a long book to be written on Shostakovich's political stance, his genuine ambivalence about the dictates of socialist realism and how this determined his development. None of that will be found in the specious essays found here. □

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ARCHITECTURE: Jules Lubbock

Brightening people's dreams

On 29 June Berthold Lubetkin received the Royal Gold Medal for Architecture, in effect a Nobel Prize. Since 1848 the world's most famous architects have been so honoured – in this century Le Corbusier, Frank Lloyd Wright, Mies van der Rohe and Lutyens. A small exhibition of the work of Lubetkin and of the partnership he founded, Tecton, has also been creeping quietly round the country, and will reach London in September. But who is he, and what did he achieve? Most people have never heard of him, and even many architects are amazed to discover that he is still alive, for he retired 30 years ago to take up pig-farming. Highpoint, the classy white block of luxury flats on the crest of Highgate Hill may ring a bell; but the only work which is well-known, even if its designer's name is unfamiliar, is the Penguin Pool at London Zoo, with ramps in the form of a double helix.

These are the works cited for the Gold Medal. True that in the Thirties they were trailblazers for the International Modern Style to which Britain was singularly hostile; nonetheless it seems ridiculous to claim that these luxury structures represent 'the rejection of bourgeois values and a dying academicism which offered no practical solution to modern social and economic problems'. As a rearguard action in defence of modernism the award has only provoked sneers from the new post-modern establishment. Dr Stamp, one of the organisers of the Lutyens exhibition, rejects such claims on the grounds that Lubetkin built for 'occupants who are easy to please, or seldom complain: zoo animals. No doubt this was good training for . . . rehousing the proletariat after 1945'. For a penguin pool to elicit such sordid gibes makes it plain that Stamp's concern is not with the visual defects of the style but with the bearing of social policy upon architecture. Hence Lubetkin's 'arrogant formality, his social view of architecture, his refusal to compromise with English conditions and political realities are scarcely aspects of modern architecture which we need to have revived or encouraged'.

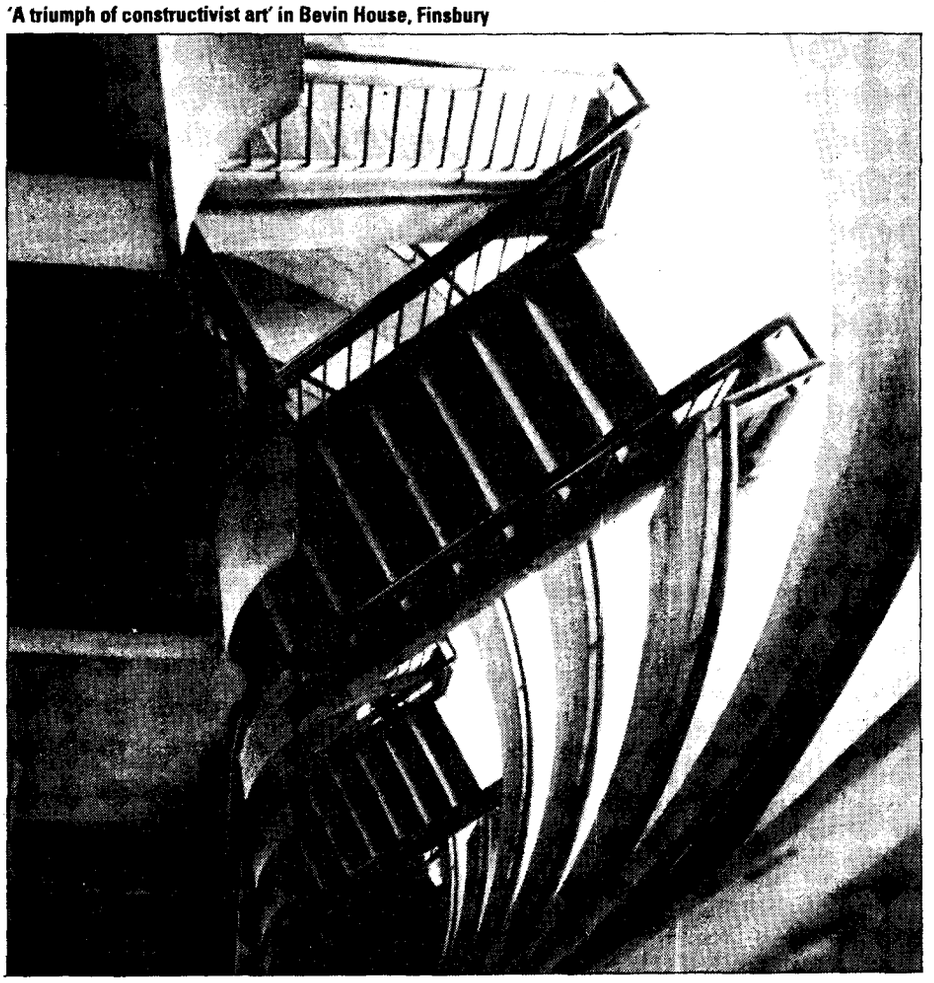
So the architect must conform to the ruling orthodoxies of his society. Isn't that a social view of architecture? Devoid of any intellectual merit and thoroughly contradictory, opinions like these are nonetheless highly influential. Post-modernists have it both ways – they masquerade as aesthetic libertarians, upholding the right of the individual and the silent working-class majority to their own taste, while defending the established social and aesthetic order. (Lubetkin recently remarked, 'It's not post-modernism; it's Stalinism.') Architects are thereby licensed to design fancy facades for private commercial developments in order to make them publicly acceptable – as in the case of the recent Green Giant Competition for the South Bank.

LUBETKIN stands for a totally different conception of socially responsible architecture: public housing and services of the very highest quality. And his most memorable work was done for the London Borough of Finsbury, before and after the war, not for the Royal Zoological Society. His RIBA champions have made a hash of his defence by singling out buildings least representative of his architectural vision. To grasp that vision one must remember that he is both Russian and a marxist, trained under the great Russian constructivists in the heroic period of the early Twenties. They represented a modern tradition distinct from functionalism. Melnikov, Rodchenko, Tatlin and Lissitzky tried to create a socialist architecture whose constructions would be expressive of revolutionary dynamism and an inspiration for the new social order. Tatlin's Monument to the Third International of 1920, a soaring helix intended to be taller than the Eiffel Tower, is the best-known example. Harsh economic conditions, the limitations of Russian building technology, the pressing need for practical buildings and Stalin saw to it that these visionary schemes were rarely executed. Melnikov's Soviet Pavilion for the 1925 Paris Exposition, whose construction was supervised by Lubetkin, was conceived as a swirling drama of globes, spirals and pyramidical staircases emblematic of international revolution; as executed, in wood, it consisted of two plain sheds and a staircase covered by a canopy of criss-crossing girders. A model of Tatlin's Tower was one of the exhibits.

The lesson for Lubetkin was that the new symbolic forms had to be synthesised with sound construction and a well-researched study of needs. On leaving Russia in 1922 he initially devoted himself to mastering the technology of reinforced concrete and to designing stark buildings on the model of Corbusier's Maison de l'Esprit Nouveau, also built for the 1925 exhibition.

Lubetkin settled in Britain in 1931, when he formed Tecton, a name suggestive of construction. That his early work was for zoos and rich private clients is not an index of his hypocrisy, but of the prevailing social realities with which, out of necessity and for a brief period, he did indeed compromise. In 1932 the National Government cut subsidies for public housing and encouraged a free market in speculative development. He did not, however, compromise for long. In 1935, with fellow architects, some building workers and intellectuals like Haldane and Bernal, he formed ATO, the Architects and Technicians Organization, to fight for new housing policies, to publicise the need for painstaking research to meet people's needs, and to organise direct action in the form of rent and mortgage strikes. The same year he began his association with

'A triumph of constructivist art' in Bevin House, Finsbury



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Councillor Riley of the Labour-controlled Borough of Finsbury on a total plan for public facilities. This was his opportunity to achieve the synthesis that had largely been denied his mentors. These buildings still set the highest standards in public architecture, avoiding both the drab functionalism normally associated with modernism and the historical styles identified with the ruling class.

The first to be completed in 1938 was the Finsbury Health Centre, hidden behind Farringdon Road, then lined with soot-stained artisan dwellings of the Peabody model. It is well-planted, intimate in scale, and is entered through gleaming brass-framed doors in the centre of the gently curving facade of glass bricks, which houses the reception area. Splayed wings on either side contain the surgeries. The murals inside bore slogans like 'Live out of doors as much as you can'. Nye Bevan envisaged it as the model for general practice within the NHS, but the doctors refused to be herded into medical communes.

At Priory Green, behind Kings Cross, Tecton erected an estate of low-rise flats in a park, each with a private balcony, the facades articulated in a cheerful pattern of cream tiles and red brickwork. There was a laundry, community centre and a pub, and but for post-war cuts there would have been a nursery school as well. Here the constructivist motif of a spearhead staircase tower appears, somewhat muted, at the end of each block.

But it was his last building for Finsbury ('monstrous Bevin House – flats for the proletariat') that is his masterpiece. Three low blocks, discreetly detailed, with well-kept gardens, radiate from the building's well-concealed glory, a triumph of constructivist art, a communal staircase which, in grandeur and intricacy ranks with some of the finest in the world, its upper balconies throwing vistas over the spires of St Pancras. Staircases are rich in meaning, which are by no means lost upon the occupants, many of whom have lived there 30 years and can vouch that Lubetkin succeeded in 'brightening the dreams of the inhabitants' as well as in providing for their everyday requirements. They are in no doubt that he deserves his medal.

AS A result of spending cuts the Finsbury Plan got no further. After the amalgamation with Islington in 1968 no maintenance was done on Priory Green until last year when the Residents Action Committee forced the council to rehabilitate the buildings. Lubetkin's final scheme, for a new town at Peterlee, was projected as a highly concentrated modern mining town with an integrated industrial base and social amenities designed to revive the local economy. It foundered in 1950. Lubetkin resigned and retired a year later.

Maybe he should have fought on. But he believed in architecture as an edifying activity, the construction of a good society. His vision of palaces for the people presupposed a major redistribution of resources, which has not taken place. It is fair to suppose that he felt he had compromised enough. His buildings still work well and give pleasure; if properly maintained they should continue to do so. □

THEATRE: Benedict Nightingale

Follies

King Lear by SHAKESPEARE *Stratford*
Don Quixote by KEITH DEWHURST *Olivier*

Our theatre lacks young directors, especially interesting young directors, and especially young directors as imaginatively ambitious as Adrian Noble's **Lear** proves him to be. Who else would introduce the disguised Edgar to the demented king as dramatically as he does? There are distant clunks and strange, spooky cries, denoting thunder and more than thunder; the fugitives from Gloucester's castle wind wanly across the bare stage beneath a palpitating black sky, a long grey blanket covering their heads and giving them the look of some antique, vermicular beast in search of its hideaway; and then, up and out of the floorboards in a dazzling leap, comes a white-and-mauve Caliban awesome enough to send the Fool scuttling and shrieking into the wings. Who else would ask Lear to deliver his 'blow winds' speech from a tiny raised platform, with mist billowing round him, his fool crouched at his feet, and a ray playing on his face? Here, though, a more conventional approach might have been wiser, since the effect is perilously incongruous, akin to finding the God of a High-Renaissance painting perched on a birdtable. The danger Mr Noble's imagination courts, and doesn't always avoid, is of substituting theatricality for truth of feeling.

Does this help to explain the central failing of Michael Gambon's Lear? He begins arrestingly enough, a despot with wary eyes, a tiny smile and an oddly Muggeridgean accent, sure of his power over the grovelling court. Much is made of the whip he holds. He jabs it at Kent, cracks it across the Fool's rump, threatens Goneril with it; and his eventual regeneration is partly signalled by its replacement with a long frayed stick, which he taps frantically on the floor as he bustles across it, like the blind man he was and is striving not to be. The weapon, you see, becomes a learning-aid, a sort of primaeval radar. Between these two points Mr Gambon has fine moments, as when he flashes worried, hunted smiles, indicating his unadmitted terror of rejection. But the real trouble is that, somehow, one can't quite believe in his pain. He wildly under-reacts to Cordelia's supposed betrayal; his despair on the heath consists too much of monotonous roaring; and even the great scenes of reconciliation and death at the end prove curiously unmoving.

Gambon's fault, then, or Noble's? Or, conceivably, that of the evening's most exciting and impressive performance, Anthony Sher's Fool? With his clown-face, battered bowler, hobbling gait, out-of-tune violin, and constant physical trickery, this derelict Grock could become merely showy, attention-getting. In fact, he makes sense of difficult lines, evolves into a splendidly acidulous character, and is patently a powerful influence on Gambon's Lear. The two of them even have a running private joke, a Flanagan and Allen routine that becomes progressively more forced, glummer, up to the somewhat sensational end of their relationship, in which the Fool is unwittingly stabbed to death by the mad king, disembowelling a pillow he mistakes for Regan. But the point is that it *is* a relationship. You might say the point, strength and trouble of it is that it is a relationship, a tie, a bond, and more. It is so touchingly plausible that it overshadows Lear's obsession with his daughters, not excluding Cordelia, and so emphatic that it unbalances the play itself.

BRINGING dramatic shape and tension to **Don Quixote** was always going to be a problem, given the scattered and repetitious nature of the original; but the relative lack of such commodities would have mattered less if alternative attractions had been found, such as wit, point, fun, visual excitement. Alas, all turn out to be in insufficient supply. The tussle with the windmills is reduced to a cursory whirl of white light, that with the sheep to a cute scurry of woolly thespians on roller-skates, that in the inn to incomprehensible and woefully unfunny knockabout. Again, there's an attempt to give the work some 20th-century frisson by providing the Don with a fantasy indebted to Goya and Guernica, culminating in the machine-gunning of the cast and their sudden resurrection to parade through the aisles chanting 'we are the people's soldiers'. But the effect is awkwardly intrusive, an injection of Cottesloe commitment into a text which, as is shown by ex-governor Sancho Panza's homily about sticking to one's station in life, is actually rather conservative in tenor. Even the hankering back to an age where all is equality and property held in common is standard pastoral nostalgia of the time, very far from an endorsement of the social beliefs one associates with Bill Bryden, his company and the National's studio theatre.

The Cottesloe style, favouring a sort of narrative egalitarianism, that is subordination of the individual to tale, momentum and overall meaning, has its obvious strengths, but also its limitations; and it may account for the slight disappointment I felt at Tony Haygarth's Sancho, who stumbles across the bare, baked stage with a nice, unpretentious dignity, but would have been more plausible, more interesting, with greater and subtler detail. The style, with its inevitable hostility to anything remotely heroic, may also help explain the different and more serious inadequacies of Paul Scofield, who allows the Don the occasional moment of fineness, but mainly seems dedicated to exposing him as a senile dotard, tottering through the plains of Spain, quavering, bleating and pathetically drooling out fake-chivalric rubbish. The old man should not be idealised, but nor, surely, should he be played from the stance of the locked ward. After all, if we don't spot the gleam in his eye, sense the allure of his dream, feel the tawdriness of the age of iron in which he's unlucky enough to be born, and see the beauty as well as the folly of trying to restore it to gold – well, what's the point of doing *Don Quixote* at all? □

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FILMS: John Coleman

Merry-go-round

Jour de Fête (U) *Cinema 1, Barbican Centre*
Partners (AA) *and* **Some Kind of Hero** (AA) *ABC, Shaftesbury Avenue; Studio, Oxford Street*

Four years before he created the gentle anarch Hulot, Jacques Tati had already stamped himself indelibly on some of our hearts with his first feature, **Jour de Fête** (1949), a pastoral comedy filmed in a real village (Sainte-Sévère-sur-Indre) and centred on the stiff-gaited antics of its smudge-moustached local postman François. For those with memories of rustic idylls featuring Raimu or Fernandel, it was to prove an eye-opener in the most literal sense. Scenes of haymaking, a tiny boy skipping behind a chugging trailer carrying wooden horses along a country road, a stooped old crone croaking a commentary on the villagers: one might have wondered what one was in for. Gradually it dawns that something peculiar is afoot. Flesh-and-blood horses gallop away as the merry-go-round ones pass. On the other side of the square would-be drinkers outside the café are shifting from chair to chair, muttering about varnish; mangled sounds of approval float up as the proprietor's wife emerges, resplendent in a new silk dress; there are intimations of amiable chaos in the garbled snatches of dialogue.

The annual fair has come to town. In the barber's shop, a visitor uncaps for a haircut, notes a headful being swept into a corner, suffers one drastic snip from the scissors and retreats in haste: *'C'est parfait, comme ça'*. Meanwhile lanky Tati/François is suffering from a fortissimo wasp as he bikes swoopingly along. We watch with a farm hand from above, accomplices in amusement, until the wasp suddenly transfers its attentions to our labourer. It's a world of mime, slapstick, as skilfully disjointed as a music-hall act (Tati started out on the halls in the Thirties) and mostly as physically distanced, with never a face in close shot. Already the world of Hulot, which fills every square inch of the screen, is adumbrated. There are short 'turns': the business of erecting a flagpole, with the postman officiously gesticulating, jerking out orders, tumbling over his feet, like some drunk and dishevelled De Gaulle; the buffoonery that follows François' viewing of a documentary on US postal efficiency, when he is goaded by the fairground fellows to sharpen up. After studiously silly practice of such manoeuvres as mounting at speed, he takes to the lanes in a sustained sequence of zany activity, shooting past a flurry of Tour de France cyclists, using the tailgate of a lorry to sort and stamp his letters, delivering the mail down threshers, in doffed hats, under a butcher's descending cleaver. This last recipient takes the fact he has hacked off the toecaps of a packet of new boots with amazing bad grace.

A high point of virtuosity is reached when that damned *vélo* goes off on a long ride of its own, small cowbell clanking. But this intractibility of the normally inanimate (a theme developed in the other three Tati films – *Mr Hulot's Holiday, Mon Oncle* and *Playtime* – to be shown at the Barbican during July) is only part of the comic fabric. Tati attacks from many angles, rewarding close observation. A marvellous throwaway joke has his busy François catching a customer in Sunday best as he bursts in. 'Getting ready for the fair, eh?', he blurts encouragingly, the door swinging behind him as he leaves to reveal a corpse in funeral state on the family bed. A different dying fall, the annual fair over, simply registers the top of that flagpole above roofs, leaning sideways, disappearing from sight. *Jour de Fête* has its moments of sentimentality, to be sure, but this small, utterly original signal isn't one of them.

Such is the state of cinema that a double bill makes one wary these days; and James Burrows's **Partners** and Michael Pressman's **Some Kind of Hero** justify the qualms. The first has closet-homosexual John Hurt teaming with straight fellow-cop Ryan O'Neal as a decoy loving-couple to ensnare an LA murderer of homosexual male models. The pitch of the piece is fairly set by supposedly sympathetic Kenneth McMillan as police chief: 'It must be his time of the month,' he grins, of a distraught Hurt. The second wastes Richard Pryor and Margot Kidder in a film that never makes its mind up as to tone: some amoral nonsense about a Viet 'war hero' returning to wholesale deception and a successful stab at crime. 'Holy shit,' as Mr Pryor affirms throughout. □

TELEVISION: William Boyd

Dross rehearsal

The foyer of Pebble Mill is such a familiar place, given its countless appearances on *Pebble Mill at One* and *Saturday Night at the Mill*, that the sheer oddity of making an entrance hall into a studio no longer strikes one as misguided or even whimsical – to put it kindly. However, the new series emanating from this enormous vestibule, *Saturday Night Live* (BBC-1), declined to play it safe and decked the place out in borrowed clothes, making it look like some sort of high-tec marquee-cum-giant-cafeteria, thereby ensuring that our long dormant attention was drawn inexorably back to this curious venue.

Questions about the wisdom of the choice of site, however, were quickly overwhelmed by questions about the show itself. *Saturday Night Live* made *Saturday Night at the Mill* seem the apotheosis of elegant sophistication such was the poverty of the acts on offer. The loud claim of the title – 'live' – was refuted by an opening number blatantly and lethargically mimed by Tight Fit, who not only seemed bored rigid by their crass songs but also could scarcely be bothered to limp through the fatuous 'dance routines' someone had concocted to go with them. We were then afforded a sequence of cabaret sketches by a group called Fundation which would have been peremptorily slung out by the most desperate undergraduate revue. A sample of the humour on offer: 'What's the most popular TV series in South Africa?' Answer: 'The White and White Minstrel Show.'

True, the depths were plumbed early on, but the rest of the programme had been dangerously affected: an edgy interview with John Hurt, conducted in the cafeteria section with the audience painfully craning round in their chairs; a bland chat with harpist Annabelle Etkin enlivened only by Simon Bates's grotesquely artless question: 'What's it like with that huge instrument between your legs?' Perhaps all the potentially interesting guests were otherwise engaged last Saturday night, but it was a feeble beginning.

The secret is, clearly, to stick with any format that shows signs of working. Bernard Levin, for one, has adopted this as a working maxim and it has served him reasonably well, as the new series of *The Levin Interviews* (BBC-2) has illustrated. The same manner – good-tempered enthusiasm canting always towards the Really Big Question -- the same hairstyle (though I think, latterly, that the parting has gone), and the familiar National Health specs. Levin, to his credit, has become as much an unexceptionable part of TV tradition as . . . the foyer of Pebble Mill.

This week, with only a massive kipper tie to disturb the familiar sobriety, Levin interviewed V. S. Pritchett, who was his customary genial and unpretentious self and was only vaguely thrown by a couple of the famous posers, viz: what could Pritchett do to ensure the survival of reading, is Art the defence we need against those forces threatening the human spirit, and so on. The only technical criticism I have of these engaging natters is that Levin ought to assume that his immense admiration for his interviewee is taken for granted and doesn't require public airing. When he told Pritchett that 'his literary judgment was quite, quite exceptional', it was embarrassing enough for the viewers. God knows what it must have been like for someone as modest and unassuming as Pritchett.

Levin's fears about the collapse of civilisation as we know it were unexpectedly underlined by a fascinating documentary, *The Survivalists* (BBC-1), produced and written by Paul Haaman. The survivalists, allegedly two million strong, have congregated in remote parts of the USA where they are preparing for World War III (due any day now) and the chaos that will follow. The programme looked at various representative types – the most alarming of whom were the white supremacist religious bigots called the Zaraphats, or 'Fighting Christians'.

It was chilling stuff. Everyone was paranoid, armed to the teeth and sure of the impending holocaust. All were infected by that sinister brand of innocence and naiveté which seems so typically American – the 'nuke Iran' mentality – and all wore the pinched, glazed look of the seriously deluded. The endlessly reiterated pessimism began to get to me until I realised that these people, like any who consider themselves elect or chosen, have a vested interest in Armageddon, because that alone would convince the rest of the world that they are not the wide-eyed, red-neck crazies they so manifestly are. □

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WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2726 **Set by PC 49**

Clerihews (and no whingeing about unoriginal ideas – you need the practice) about all those exciting overseas places to which you compers get on your hols. By 16 July.

No 2723 **Set by Ms de Meaner**

Updates of G & S's model major-g., with variations.

Report **By Len the Unlucky**

Put back on active reporting as a special favour to *me*, they said. Pull the other one, I thought; there's trouble brewing. And, sure enough, first Roger Woddis pays a special admonitory visit to the Complex to point out that the source script actually reads, 'I am the very model of a modern major-*g*ineral'. And he should know, I suppose. Then we get this dreary letter from young Greenwell moaning about ambiguous instructions. Next I find there isn't room for two verses each. And where is She Who Must etc., begetter of the problems? Nowhere to be found, that's where. And, what's more, such is the difficulty of this one that I have to suffer a lot of painfully not-*quite*-right songs. I reckon those who just about made it through this obstacle course deserve three Wellingtons apiece, but we can afford only two – and commendations for the efforts of Wendy Cope, V. Ernest Cox, Frank Anderson and Mary Holtby.

I am the very pattern of a modern major-general,
A sedentary hero of the media ephemeral.
While SAS are swooping and artillery is battering,
I do my bit for England with remunerative nattering.
(For Britain must be kept awash with military platitudes
If we're to combat Exocets in icy Southern latitudes.)
From maps which show where soldiers huddle freezing and precarious
I brilliantly extrapolate a victory vicarious.
I use my skill at strategy to winkle from *Newsnight* a fee
As hefty as I get from doing *Weekend World* on ITV.
I fiercely detail how to cause the Argentines fatality,
Then fiercer still I forage for a gin from hospitality.

GEORGE SIMMERS

I am the very model of a modern cabinet minister,
Although the Lefties always say my influence is sinister,
But though the House is in a state of permanent dichotomy,
I have a feeling that MPs on both sides think a lot o' me.
My health is good, I'm fit and strong, though just a touch asthmatical,
My attitude to politics is basically pragmatical,
I'm ignorant of economics and advanced technology,
And disapprove of any form of rigid ideology.
To TV crews in Downing Street I show a friendly attitude,
And when reporters tackle me I'm ready with a platitude.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

I am the very pattern of a modern features editor
I pay for Jilly Cooper though there's no one left to credit her
I've features on the ra-ra skirt and evrything that's sexual
The only topics that are closed are matters intellectual
I commission probes on attitudes, on hem lengths and vasectomies
There's lots on social democrats and more on hysterectomies
I'm very fond of articles on rape and lists of calories
I like to choose analyses of other people's salaries
To make the girls in typing pools ambitious to earn more
I couldn't give a fig mind you about the rich and poor
I've articles on Notting Hill, on Brixton and on Liverpool,
But the furthest from the street I stray's a Covent Garden wine-bar stool.

NICHOLAS MURRAY

I am the very model of an ancient armchair-gineral,
I'd rather die than swallow that disgusting Froggy mineral;
My many decorations were awarded less for bravery
Than taking part in actions that you might well think unsavoury.
In former year I won my spurs (though not, I add, at Tottenham),
And if it was for exploits that I'm proud of I've forgotten 'em.
They put me on the box when Galtieri grew fanatical,
Though whether I was sober is extremely problematical.

NAOMI MARKS

I am the very model of modern features editor,
I'm wary and I'm wily and a match for any predator,
I'm entertained and interviewed, I'm bright and innovatory,
My finger's on the pulse of all dilemmas circulatory;
I know that Glenda's loyal fans will swallow every syllable,
And those she cannot cater for a Polly or a Jilly will.
In short, when I have learned to spell and mastered rules syntactical,
The Board will pay me even more for every tiny fact I cull.

M. R. MACINTYRE

I am the very acme of an unemployment minister,
I offer YOPportunities in accents very sinister,
Apprentices I pay a pittance, heart as cold as icicle;
My pater's peccadillo was possession of a bicycle;
A Unionist, I find the cry 'All Out' a mite uncricketing,
Primarily I am the scourge of secondary picketing,
If industry's inimical I pick the biggest scab in it,
Proposing laws protecting him, and cheered on by the Cabinet.

BILL GREENWELL

SWALLOW IT WHOLE

Hannah Wright presents her guilt-free fruit recipes

'STRAWBERRY' AND 'RASPBERRY' are names to conjure with in the flavouring industry. The flavours themselves are so conjured with that for most of the year these best-selling tastes are honoured only in the breach. Now that greengroceries and supermarkets are decorated with gooseberry green, maroon-black cherry and coral strawberries, with raspberries and red currants lining up at the door, here are some notes and recipes to enhance the real flavours without too much fat, sugar and refined flour.

GOOSEBERRIES

Topping and tailing gooseberries takes a while, especially if you buy the small home-grown sort (more tops per pound) but it's rather a nice job, and only necessary for pies and tarts. For a double crust pie, use an enamelled plate or a 7-8in. flan tin. Pastry: ½lb. wholemeal flour, ¼lb. margarine or butter, 1dsp. sugar, 2-3tbsp. cold water (for a tart, 5oz. flour, 2½oz. fat, etc.), 1lb. washed gooseberries mixed with enough sugar to prevent mutiny. The gooseberries are put raw in the pie.

For the tart, bake the pastry shell blind (empty). Meanwhile cook the gooseberries in ½ cup water and 2tbsp. sugar. Pour into a sieve when the fruit is soft but still whole. Stir 1 flat tbsp. arrowroot into a scant ½pt. of the cold juice. Mix well and bring to the boil stirring. The mixture will become thick and clear. Put the gooseberries in the tart shell and cover with the thickened juice. (If the elderflower is still blooming near you, 2-3 heads added while cooking the gooseberries gives a lovely flavour.)

Elderflower is also lovely in fools and ices. For these, you put the whole fruit, cooked, through a mill or sieve. Cook 1lb. fruit with 2-4oz. sugar (larger amount for an ice) without water. Puree and add ¼pt. custard or thick cream (see crême fraiche below).

CHERRIES

Cherries are the most commercially corrupted of all the soft fruit. Glacé cherries, cocktail cherries, cherries in yogurts (identifiable only by the fake almond flavouring) have none of the real cherry flavour or beauty, which isn't surprising since the flavour can be lost merely by eating the fruit chilled. If you have a crop of cherries, then home-made pies, or the French/Belgian batter pudding known as *clafouti*, preserve something of the real cherry character. Otherwise reserve your energy for enjoying their shiny perfection *au naturel*

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(and trying to tie knots in the stems with your tongue).

STRAWBERRIES

Under Common Market regulations, the variety of strawberry has to be printed on the tray, yet, though strawberries vary as much as apples in sweetness and flavour, nobody has a clue what to ask for. The Cox's Orange Pippin of strawberries (apart from the little alpine ones) seems to be a new Belgian variety called Hapil, though this is only beginning to be grown. Otherwise go for small ones in greengrocers. Supermarkets tend to choose for shelf life and shelf appeal rather than flavour.

Strawberries, like cherries, are best eaten simply. Stiff mousses and creams don't do much for either flavour or texture but mashed up in creamy milk, with a sifting of caster, or halved on a bed of slightly sweetened yogurt with a dollop of crême fraiche on top, strawberries are lovely.

Crême fraiche has the consistency of clotted cream and the calories of single. Add 1tbsp. commercial sour cream to ¼pt. single, stir in well, cover and leave at room temperature overnight. The result is thick and slightly acid, with a subtle tang that knocks spots off sour cream.

Strawberry water ice takes about 5 min. to prepare with a blender, and is quite beautiful. Put ½lb. hulled, washed berries in the blender with the juice of ½ orange and ½ lemon, ¼pt. water and 3oz. sugar. Blend and freeze. Egg white can be added to the blender mixture for smoothness.

RASPBERRIES AND REDCURRANTS

These two are not alike but come into season together and are immensely complementary, especially when cooked. Summer pudding is at last being recognised as one of the world's great puds and there are plenty of recipe versions around. It has the further advantages of taking about 10 min. to prepare (though it must be left overnight) and being quite low in calories. It works very well with thin slices of commercial wholemeal bread.

Besides knowing about ice cream, Americans also know a lot about cooking berries. Here are a couple of recipes adapted for British fruit. Both of them are filling and delicious.

Raspberry and Redcurrant Muffin Cake: 6½oz. wholemeal flour, 1½ flat tsp. baking powder, and a pinch of salt mixed well. Cream together 2½oz. low-fat marg or butter and 2½oz. sugar till fluffy. Add an egg. Mix in the dry ingredients, adding 4tbsp. milk as you go to make a soft dough. Mix in 4-6oz. washed berries. Put mixture in greased 7-8in. flan tin and bake 35-40 min. Mark 4, 350F. Serve warm.

Two Fruit Grunt: wash ¼lb. each raspberries and redcurrants (weight after stemming). Put in the bottom of a 7-8in. flan tin. Stir in ¼pt. water and 2tbsp. sugar. Cover and cook 5 min. at Mark 4, 350F. Meanwhile mix together 3oz. wholemeal flour, 1 flat tsp. baking powder and ½tsp. ginger. Stirring the flour with a fork, dribble in 5tsp. single cream or top of the bottle. Scatter this damp crumble over the hot berry mixture. Re-cover and cook for 15min. Remove cover and brown 10min.

CREAM AND CUSTARD

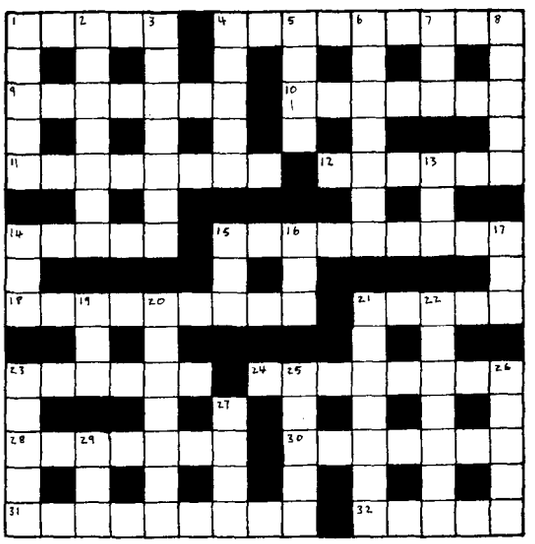
Whipped cream seems to have become the sine qua non of flashy afters, which is nice enough but boring. Besides milk top, yogurt, and crême fraiche, don't forget junket, which any sensible six-year-old can make. Baked custard ditto (2 eggs per pint of milk plus vanilla, sit dish in roasting tin of water and bake 1hr. plus at Mark 2, 300F.). For an elegant occasion, stir a little lemon and sugar into ½lb. low fat curd cheese. Push through a sieve with the fingers and leave to drain in those pretty heart-shaped moulds if you have them or any round container with holes pierced in the base. Serve turned out and surrounded with raspberries.

Last word: under-sugar everything except ices, and put a bowl of caster or brown on the tables so everyone knows what they are eating and can enjoy the crunch. □

Salamanca 57

'The Bard's Work'

PRIZES: £25 cheques for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 57, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WCIV 7HJ, by first post 3 August.



It is not generally known that the Bard composed crossword puzzles with clues cryptic and non-cryptic. Acrosses are his, and Downs which are more normal are mine. (Editorial note: 'him' in clue 32 would be better ending 12, the spelling of 24 is not the obvious one, 'ship' as a verb in 28 indicates an anagram, and 21 is very cryptic indeed!) As a final check the sixteen unasterisked Down clues contain the hidden or otherwise anagrams of Across answers.

Name_____

Address_____

_____

_____

ACROSS

12 (6) He which hath no stomach to
18 (9) this fight,
32 (5) Let him depart;
30 (7) his passport shall be made,
10 (7), 14 (5) And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
15 (9) We would not die in that man's company
24 (8) That fears his fellow
28 (7) ship to die with us.
9 (7), 23 (6), 1 (5) This day is called the feast of Crispian:
11 (8) He that outlives this day and comes safe home,
4 (9) Will stand a tip-toe
31 (9) when this day is nam'd
21 (5) And rouse him at the name of Crispian.

DOWN

*1 The French, contemptibly, have loud King to work up society (5)
2 What fortune-teller predicts if several clients come? The goods *will* be delivered! (7)
*3 Falconers' favourite pursuits? (7)
4 Neddy's weak leaving refuge underground (5)
5 Who might a knight be courting (a young boy's yen) (4)
6 Fellow in wild forest reveals struggles (7)
*7 One getting drunk is positively 'charged'! (3)
8 Affirm name of somewhat cavernous infernal regions (5)
*13 Young girl, 65? (3)
14 You'll drink this, and with tiffin's start you'll get to converse (3)
*15 Money held by Central Europeans (3)
16 It's not a courageous deed to bring from a bygone day newt that's changed form (3)
17 This may be found on soil in India, wet, but hard for time (3)
19 Fish related to a carp inhabiting mid-European waters (3)
20 Through which hawser passes, hard and round, with broken cleat outside (7)
21 Use gall to stir up this bird (7)
*22 Short anthems, terrible i' disco are at the bottom! (7)
23 Picture on skin one time fenced by crooked two (5)
25 One to work steadily over time in suitable manner will earn – liable to extremes of luxury (5)
26 Smart girl given hint devours virtually all of can (5)
27 Followed old experienced Scots (4)
29 Odd fit? It could be to cross person in Scotland (3)

Solution to Salamanca 56

S	C	A	R	L	E	T	R	E	V	E	L	
H	O	F	O	U	T	R	A	V	O	I	S	
A	D	R	Y	T	R	A	V	A	I	L	C	
K	Y	O	N	I	E	M	E	S	E	D	H	
E	L	D	E	S	T	M	L	I	M	P	I	
S	A	T	T	R	E	F	O	I	L	Z		
P	H	E	R	S	A	L	L	N	L	E	O	
E	M	E	U	H	P	R	I	P	R	A	P	
A	D	S	F	A	H	A	P	O	R	T	O	
R	E	L	F	L	A	N	D	W	E	E	D	
E	V	O	L	V	E	D	O	E	D	L	A	
S	A	R	E	E	L	O	G	R	O	L	L	

Prizewinners to Salamanca 56

Celia M. Davies (Macclesfield)
B. Roe (Wigston)
Peter Steven (Stevenage)

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Applicants are invited for a lectureship in political studies for appointment on or as soon as possible after 1 January 1983.
The successful applicant will be expected to carry out research and to participate in teaching in one or more branches of political studies.
Appointment, depending on qualifications and experience, will be made on the salary scale R12 657 x 780–16 557 x 936–R22 173. In addition a bonus of nearly one month's salary is payable annually. Staff benefits include 75% remission of tuition fees for dependants at UCT, generous research leave privileges, a housing subsidy which is now also available to single persons subject to government regulations, pension fund, medical aid and group life assurance.
Applicants should submit a curriculum vitae stating present position and salary, research interests and publications, the date duty could be assumed and the names and addresses of three referees.
Further information should be obtained either from Miss J Lloyd, S.A. Universities Office, Chichester House, 278 High Holborn, London WC1V 7HE or the Registrar, (attention: Appointments Office), University of Cape Town, Rondebosch 7700, South Africa, by whom applications (quoting ref. no. AJ/261) must be received not later than 13 August 1982. The University's policy is not to discriminate in the appointment of staff on the grounds of sex, race or religion. Further information on the implementation of this policy is obtainable on request.

FSR 0006

THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY
FACULTY OF ARTS
DEPARTMENT OF SOCIOLOGY
TEMPORARY LECTURER

The Department is seeking a suitably qualified candidate to teach in the core course programme, particularly Sociology B3, a second-year level course on Australian Society. Opportunity will exist to teach in the applicants' research speciality, and all specialist areas are equally welcome. Appointment will be for three years only from January 1983.

Salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience within the range: Temporary Lecturer $A20,963-$A27,539 p.a. Current exchange rate: $A1=UK58p.

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Prospective applicants should write for further particulars to the Registrar of the University, P.O. Box 4, Canberra, A.C.T. 2600, Australia, or to the Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF.
Applications close on 30 July 1982.

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01-969 7473

JEREMY BRAY (MP Labour), House of Commons, London SW1. Requires a near full-time secretary, 4 day week possible. Shorthand not required, but fast accurate audio typing and filing essential. Readiness to tackle word processor and computer operating an advantage. Write giving c.v.

Appointments

RESEARCH OFFICER

required by The Police Federation to re-establish and control their Research Department. Candidates must possess substantial experience of the practical needs of industrial relations negotiations and preferably be currently employed by an employees' or an employers' association.

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Applications, giving full details of qualifications and experience, to be made to: The Secretary, Police Federation of England and Wales, 15-17 Langley Road, Surbiton, Surrey KT6 6LP. Telephone 01-399 2224/8.

Closing date for applications 7 July, 1982.

OV SELECTION CATERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy.) Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London, SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

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ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY. – 'All's Well That Ends Well' 2, 3, 5 July. 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' 6, 7 July. 'Henry IV' Pt I, 8, 10 July (mat). 'Henry IV' Pt II, 9, 10 July.
THE PIT. – 'Money' by Edward Bulwer-Lytton, 2, 3, 5 July. 'A Doll's House' by Henrik Ibsen, 6, 7 July. 'Our Friends in the North' by Peter Flannery, 8, 9 July. PICCADILLY, 01-437 4506. RSC in Willy Russell's 'hilarious' 'Educating Rita'. ALDWYCH, 01-836 6404. 'Good' by C. P. Taylor.

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OUTPOSTS. Poems invited for future issues. SAE to Howard Sergeant, 72 Burwood Road, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey KT12 4AL.

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Full detais: Laura Berryman – 01-242 5484

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Applicants should have a good honours degree in a social science, and a strong interest in psychological issues of work and technological change, combined with the ability to liaise with trade union representatives and employers.

The grant (not subject to taxation) is in the range £3,245 to £4,410 p.a. plus dependants allowance if appropriate.

Further details are available from Dr. M. J. Fitter, MRC/SSRC SAPU, University of Sheffield, Sheffield S10 2TN.

Informal enquiries to John Darwin (Employment Department): 0742 735145, or Mike Fitter, 0742 29434.

CLOSING DATE: 26 JULY 1982

UNIVERSITY OF BATH

SSRC RESEARCH-LINKED STUDENTSHIP

Graduates or undergraduates holding, or expecting, good honours degrees in relevant subjects are invited to apply for a studentship linked to a project being conducted by **Bryn Jones and Michael Rose entitled "Procedural and Organisational Frontiers in British Industrial Relations".** This is an investigation of the causes and concomitants of the rationalisation of production technologies, work organisation and industrial relations in contemporary British industry.

The usual SSRC conditions for linked studentships apply but application forms and further particulars can be obtained from: **Owen Ward, School of Humanities and Social Sciences, University of Bath, Claverton Down, BATH BA2 7AY.**

Informal enquiries can be made by telephoning **Bryn Jones, Bath 61244 ext. 846.**

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Registration may be offered on a full-time or part-time basis.

Further particulars and applications are available from: The Senior Assistant Registrar, Faculty of Social Sciences, The Registry, The University of Kent at Canterbury, Canterbury, CT2 7NZ.
PLEASE QUOTE REF. PG 9/82

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GENTLE MALE, 28, diffident but friendly, moderate intelligence, seeks natural, peaceful female partner. Interests: Environment, public transport, animal rights, local history, books, cinema. Liverpool. Box 4284.

GILLIAN TINDALL, any novels by, offer to Box 4295.

HAPPILY DIVORCED YOUNG MIDDLE-AGED LADY, Dublin graduate, non driver, own flat, Crouch End, university-going kids elsewhere, seeks lasting relationship with professional man. Hobbies: Creative writing, swimming, reading, travel. Could be persuaded to cook once a week! Cheerful, healthy, humour essential. Box 4221.

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LISTINGS

Social/Cultural
Radical/Arts
Political

2-10 July

SEND DETAILS to: NS FREE LISTINGS at least 7 days in advance

FRI 2 JULY

LONDON N4. 'The Church and Developing Countries', St Marks Church Hall, Tollington Park, N4, 8.15pm.

2-4 JULY. BRUSSELS. European Nuclear Disarmament Convention. Details: Tony Simpson, **0602 708318.**

LONDON W8 'The Eye of the Beholder', a seminar on Indian writing in English, 2-4 July. Commonwealth Institute, Kensington High Street, W8. **01-602 3252 X 259.** (Michael Conway).

ROCHFORD, ESSEX. 'Festival of traditional and contemporary folksong music and dance. Concerts, ceilidhs, morris, workshops, crafts, playgroup, real ale, camping. £11 Betty Pugh, 67 Cromwell Rd., **Southend 611165.**

LONDON E1. 'Marxism 82', July 2-9, Registration starts 3.30pm, Friday 2 July, Queen Mary College, Mile End, E1, Full week £11 (£7 unemployed) in advance, £13 on the door, Weekend £6, Day £3, Per meeting £1, Full details/Timetable 10p.

SAT 3 JULY

3-10 JULY. LONDON. 'Time on the Thames', London Summer School, workshops, visits, etc, on the History of the Thames, its people and industries. Org. by London History Workshop Centre, WEA, London University Extra Mural Dept. **Details: A. Woolley, 01-587 1655.**

LONDON. 'Feminism and Law', 10.30am-4.30pm, LSE, Houghton Street. Details: Erika Szyszczak, Rutherford College, Univ of Kent, Canterbury.

3-4 JULY. LONDON N7. Intensive Training Course for women working with women in counselling/therapeutic capacity. S.a.e. for details to: The Women's Therapy Centre, 6 Manor Gardens, N7 6LA.

BIRMINGHAM B5. Open meeting to set up a working collective of women to work on an art Education issue of Feminist Arts News. **Details: 021-449 6707.**

LONDON N19. 'What is a Socialist Feminist?' A day workshop discussing the problem of bringing socialism and feminism together (or keeping them apart ....). Socialist Society Women's Meeting, membership available, Caxton House, 129 St Johns Way, N19. 11am-5pm. £2 (£1 UB40). Details, creche etc. **01-734 8501.**

LONDON SW1. 'Superman', first in 'superheroes' season at the ICA Childrens Cinema Club. Sat/Sun 3/4 July 2.30pm. ICA, The Mall, SW1, **01-930 3647.**

BIRMINGHAM. 'Violence Against Workers' Trade Union Conference. Details, Birmingham Region Union Safety and Health Campaign, 10am, TGWU Office, Broad Street, B'ham. **021-236 0801.**

LONDON WC1. 'Musica Tradicional Portuguesa', an evening of Portuguese Traditional folk songs. 7pm, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. WC1. Org. by Portuguese Workers Coordinating Committee. £1.50, (75p unwaged).

SUN 4 JULY

LONDON WC1. 'Orwell's commonsense and common Morality', Bernard Crick, 11am, the Library, Conway Hall.

LONDON SW1. 'The Decision to Win: The First Fruits', El Salvador 1981, A film by Cero a la Izquierda Collective, 6.30pm, ICA Cinematheque, The Mall, SW1, **01-930 3647.**

LONDON SW1. 'Images of Captive Animals' by Duncan Smith, from 4 July, Upper Gallery, ICA, The Mall, SW1, **01-930 3647.**

LONDON SW1. Pierre Boulez: Structures Books 1 & 2, Alfons and Alys Kontarsky (two pianos). £3, ICA, The Mall, SW1. **01-930 3647.**

LONDON N1. Islington Troops Out movement presents 'On Our Land', a film (55 mins) about Israeli occupation. This will be followed by a speaker from the Palestinian Solidarity Committee. On July 4, 8pm, Hemingford Arms, Offord Road, N1. Adm. £1 (75p unwaged).

MON 5 JULY

CROYDON. 'Through the Wall': A synthesis of live music and theatre, this High Tech, Low-Cost show breaks through the media screen into a world of extravagent fantasy. 5-24 July 7.30pm, Croydon Warehouse Theatre, 62 Dingwall Road, **01-680 4060.**

LONDON W1. 'Police & Public Order Since 1930', with Jerry White and Martin Kettle. Drinking 6.45pm, Discussion 7.30pm, 'Black Horse', 6 Rathbone Place, W1. History Workshop.

TUES 6 JULY

LONDON SW1. Anita Desai, In conversation series, 1.00pm, ICA, The Mall, SW1, £1.25, Details **01-930 3647.**

LONDON SW1. 'It: Doom or Boon', spkrs. Christopher Price MP., David Firnberg, 7.30pm, ICA, The Mall, SW1. **01-930 3647.**

DURHAM. 'Peace Action Durham A.G.M.', Castle Chare Community Arts Centre, 7.30pm, Membership details, (0385) 47143.

LONDON WC1. Journalists Against Nuclear Extermination/Media watch meeting, Richard Reoch, Amnesty International to lead discussion on Civil Liberties and the Nuclear State, 7pm, Lucas Arms, 245a Grays Inn Road, WC1.

'Mental Health Emergencies in family practice', Dr S. Goldenberg (a local family practitioner), Penfold Centre, 1 Nevelle Gill Close, SW18. Free, all welcome.

WED 7 JULY

'Church Seeks to understand the Russians'. 6.15pm, So James Church, Piccadilly W1. One of a series of talks. Details: **01-734 0956.**

LONDON, LAMBETH. 'Exiles in their own land' film, covers life in Brazil, speakers and discussion. Presented by Ecology Party and World Development Group. 7.30pm, St Matthews Meeting Place, Brixton Hill.

PORTSMOUTH. The Tide, The Sewer — and Sanitation'. Discussion with Jeff Merriman, Room F, Portsmouth Central Library, Guildhall Sq. Portsmouth, 7.30pm. Free all welcome.

LONDON W1. 'Arms Control': Negotiating with the Russians' discussion with John Edmonds who led negotiations during the Comprehensive Test Ban Talks from 1977-1980. St. James Church, Piccadilly, W1.

THURS 8 JULY

LONDON WC1. 'The Life & Times of Rosie the Riveter', special showing to BIFU London Womens Group, Kenilworth Hotel, Gt. Russell St., WC1, 6pm. All welcome. Details: **01-248 7921.**

FRI 9 JULY

LONDON W8. 'India and Britain', weekend seminar, Fri. 7-9pm, Sat. 10.30am-5pm, £7 (unwaged £4). Details Extra Mural Dept. University of London, 26 Russell Sq, WC1. **01-636 8000 ext. 256.**

BIRMINGHAM. 'Choices and Change', Returned Volunteer Action's National Conference. July 9-11, Birmingham University, Details: RVA, 1 Amwell St., London EC1. Tel. **01-278 0804.**

SAT 10 JULY

LONDON E1. Bengali Gala Night, Tower Hamlets Girls' School, E1. Details: CAA, **01-794 3885.**

LONDON National Public Transport Demonstration, Assemble at Speakers Corner, Hyde Perk, 12 noon, March 1pm, Rally Trafalgar Sq. 2pm.

LONDON NW1. 'Running Council Housing Better', A Labour Housing Group discussion Conference, 10.30am-5pm, Friends House, Euston Road, NW1.

YORK. Beyond the Fragments weekend workshop, 10-11 July, starts 11am, creche etc., 17, Bishops Hill Senior, York. £5, Details: Hetty Startup **01-902 1815.**

FORTHCOMING

11 JULY LONDON. Rathayatra — Festival of Chariots', Krishna Consciousness Society procession from Hyde Park Corner to Trafalgar Sq. where a cultural festival will take place. Starts 1pm Traf. Sq. 2pm.

11 JULY. 'Stanton Coit and South Place: The Expulsion of a Platonist' Sunday Morning lecture 11am, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall Library, Red Lion Sq. WC1.

14 JULY LONDON SW1. 'Basic Buddhism and Beyond' a free public lecture by Mr Peter Sharp, 6.30pm, Buddhist Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1 **Details 01-834 5858** (2-6pm only).

18-23 JULY. LONDON. International School Students' Peace Studies Week at Furzedown College, Streatham, SW17. Open to any school students over 14 and interested adults. **Tel. 01-828 0881 for details.**

30 JULY-1 AUGUST. NOTTINGHAM. SHELTER's National Conference. 'A Future for Rented Housing', at University of Nottingham. Details from Kate Hewlett, Shelter, 157 Waterloo Road, London SE1. **Tel: 01-633 9377 ext 37.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad. under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

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Meetings

JUSTICE. Lord Edmund-Davies on 'What are Lawyers for?': Old Hall, Lincoln's Inn, Tues. 6 July, 6 p.m.

BASIC BUDDHISM AND BEYOND

A free public lecture by Peter Sharp

Wednesday, 14 July, 6.30pm

at the Buddhist Society
58 Eccleston Square, London SW1
(near Victoria Station)

Details 01 834 5858 (between 2 & 6pm)

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Saturday, 10 July

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March 1pm to Trafalgar Sq Rally 2pm

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